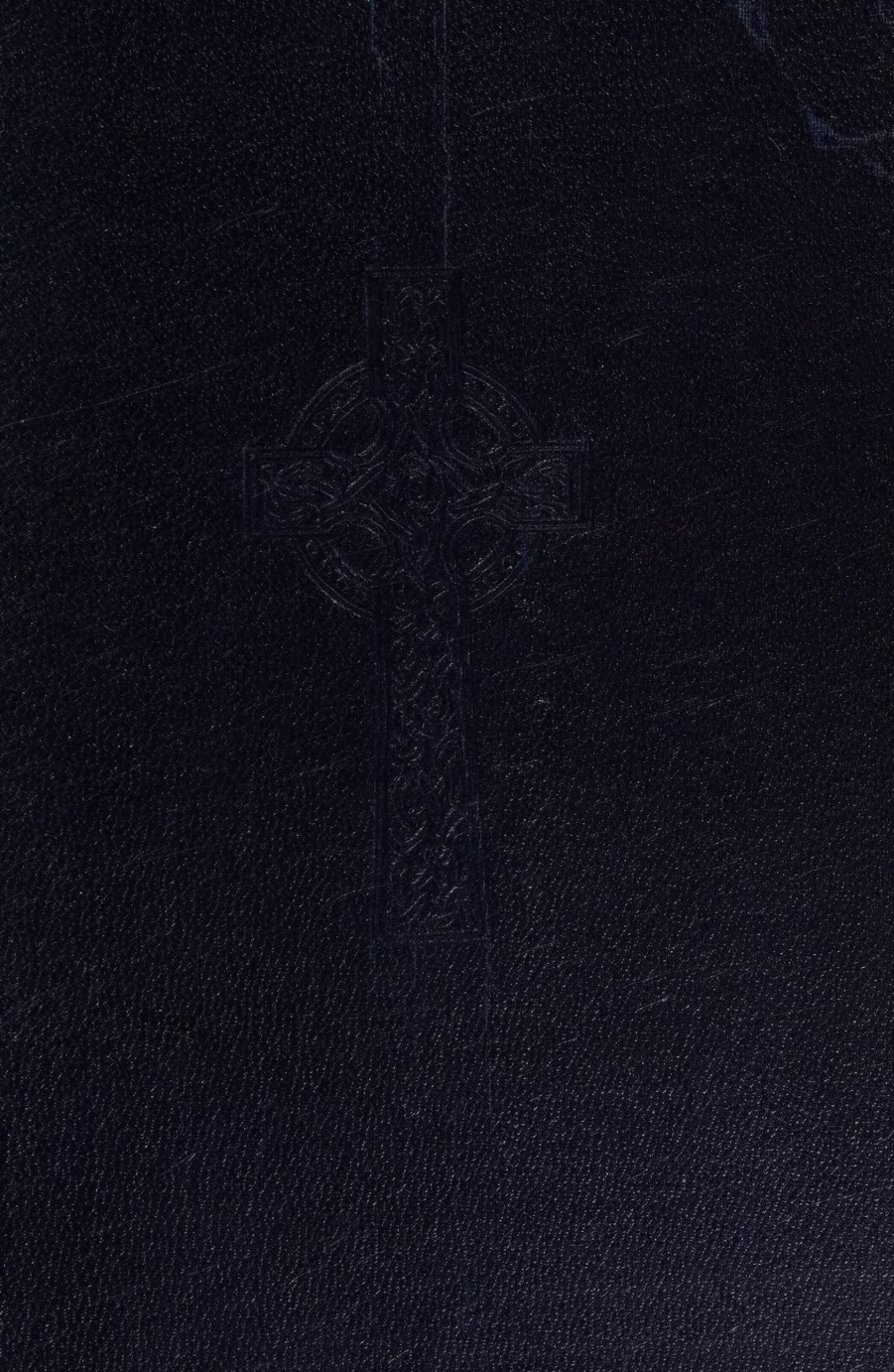

McCready

CHRIST IN THE POETRY OF TO-DAY

An Anthology from American Poets

COMPILED BY
MARTHA FOOTE CROW

Revised Edition, containing
"The Widening Circle"

THE WOMANS PRESS
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We place Thy sacred name upon our brows;
  Our cycles from Thy natal day we score:
Yet, spite of all our songs and all our vows,
  We thirst and ever thirst to know Thee more.

For Thou art Mystery and Question still;
  Even when we see Thee lifted as a sign
Drawing all men unto that hapless hill
  With the resistless power of Love Divine.

Still Thou art Question—while rings in our ears
  Thine outcry to a world discord-beset:
Have I been with thee all these many years,
  O World,—dost thou not know ME even yet?

M. F. C.

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INTRODUCTION

That stern prophet, Dr. Josiah Strong, in one of his illuminating treatises refers with a fine inadvertence to "the return to Christ that is now taking place." This phrase, like a signboard hidden among the shadows of a well-forested pathway, might elude the glance of the passer-by. But when I saw it, the inscription aroused me to eager question. I had been for a long time gathering references to poems about Jesus, just because they had a special interest for me, but with no definite thought of sharing my finds with others. Can it be, I now said, that our poets have all along been singing about the events in the life of Jesus and I have been deaf to them?

We had always had poets with us, I realized, who had been ranked as pious poets, who had been swept to the empyrean by religious themes only. Such poets gave their whole attention to adoration, praise and prayer. They stood for that. But as for the general run of poets—they wrote about love, companionship, the joys of nature, the delight of delight, and very especially, the sadness of sadness. But very rarely was found a poem about Jesus mingled with those on life's general problems, or on the beauty of the

world, or the necessity of enduring bravely the affliction of being alive in a world that was felt to be far less than a possible best. God was still sitting in a far away sky and Christ was thought of as something separate from life, as something shut up carefully in a place called a church.

Then I laid aside my slender sheaf of poems about Jesus, gathered by chance or in idle moments, and began to put the question more definitely to proof. First I ran through some fifty volumes of poems of about 1890. I found few or no poems about Jesus. Then I plunged in again at 1895 and found but a lonely one here and there. At 1900 there were more, distinctly more. At 1905 there was a still brighter dawn. But when I came to 1910 and thereabouts, times were changed. Something had verily happened. The fascinating theme of Jesus, the dramatic quality of his human career, the miracle of his personality, had been discovered; and the position of the poem that illuminated some incident in the life of Christ or that enthroned some quality of his character was now securely established in nearly every book of poetry. I discovered two things: that I had not been deaf to the poets' earlier singing about Christ, for they had not been singing of Him at all; and also that "the return of Christ" was now being delicately registered by the poets of to-day in poems of varying distinction and with an impulse commensurate with the power of that poetic expression that has lately come upon us and that promises so much for our future.

And the poems were often of a new kind never seen in books of poetry before. Incidents in his life were

imaginatively reproduced as nearly as possible in the very semblance that they had when He was upon earth, and often with a concreteness that is the gift of the new poetic impulse of our time.

Of course each poem of this kind must be considered as an expression of the author's own angle of thought. But if one considers such a group as is here collected, the poems may be thought of as the facets of a diamond; taken all together they may reflect something like the white light of truth.

Selecting, then, from the superabundant wealth of poetical material on this theme, written by the poets of the United States of America since about 1900, and arranging them in the order of the events of his life, we have here a sort of new biography of Jesus, each chapter of which consists of a poem written by a different author, and the whole forming the poetic reaction of our time to the thought of Jesus, what He was, what his life meant to the world, and, it may be added in a separate group, what He might yet be to the world if we would but listen to the Voice that still rings in our ears.

That is, roughly speaking, what has been attempted in this book. Stringing the gems of poetry upon a golden cord of Bible phrases, a poetic biography emerges. Then follows a series of comments representing different historical eras as our poets have imagined the Good News spreading circle after circle throughout the world. After this the searchlight is cast upon our own times, on our hardness and our deafness, on our refusals and our brutalities, on our dismay of the present moment. Ultimately our poets are gifted to

see a ray of hope. The White Comrade moves along the distracted battle line, the Old Road to Paradise is a travelled way, and after the day of utter havoc, Brotherhood is to spring anew from ruin.

Beyond the elisions necessary in trying to cram the best of the poetry into small space, but little guidance was required in the selection. I hope no theological bent is discoverable. Jew and Gentile, Protestant, Roman Catholic, Neo-Pagan, Socialist, Emersonian—all sorts and conditions of lovers and admirers of Jesus are represented in this collection. The one rule has been only this—does the poem represent a true reverence and love? To be entered in this catalog it is not required that a poet shall claim that he fully understands Jesus Christ!

Martha Foote Crow

NOTE TO THE THIRD EDITION

An examination of some four hundred books of poetry published in the United States since the second edition of this book was published five years ago, reveals the fact that about three times as many poems about Jesus had appeared in that five years than had been found in the twenty years preceding that date. We leave it to our profound social philosophers to account for this.

We had an embarrassment of riches which complicated the question of choice. We were reluctantly forced to omit some from the text of the first and sec-

ond editions; we did this, however, only because conditions of publishing compelled, and we are especially regretful because not a single copy of these early editions can now be obtained.

The new section, The Widening Circle, is intended to show the advance of the thoughts of Christ in the world of to-day. Ever since the date set for the completing of the collection, the most exquisite poems have been coming in which we have deeply regretted having to omit from our collection. It is the hope of the compiler that there may be a new edition every few years—say every half-decade—and that in this way this anthology may become the record of our growth as a nation toward a still brighter illumination of Jesus Christ.

I
THE STORY OF THE NATIVITY OF JESUS

CHRIST
IN THE
POETRY OF TO-DAY

Thou shalt call his name Jesus.

God whispered and a silence fell; the world
  Poised one expectant moment like a soul
Who sees at Heaven's threshold the unfurled
White wings of cherubim, the sea impearled,
  And pauses, dazed, to comprehend the whole;
Only across all space God's whisper came
And burned about her heart like some white flame.

Then suddenly a bird's note thrilled the peace,
  And earth again jarred noisily to life
With a great murmur as of many seas.
But Mary sat with hands clasped on her knees,
  And lifted eyes with all amazement rife,
And in her heart the rapture of the Spring
Upon its first sweet day of blossoming.

The Annunciation
THEODOSIA GARRISON

Let us now go even unto Bethlehem,
and see this thing that is come to pass.

O little town, O little town,
Upon the hills so far,
We see you, like a thing sublime,
Across the great gray wastes of time,
And men go up and men go down,
But follow still the star!

And this is humble Bethlehem
In the Judean wild;
And this is lowly Bethlehem
Wherein a mother smiled;
Yea, this is happy Bethlehem
That knew the little Child!

Aye, this is glorious Bethlehem
Where He drew living breath
(Ah, precious, precious Bethlehem!—
So every mortal saith)
Who brought to all that tread the earth
Life's triumph over death!

O little town, O little town,
Upon the hills afar,
You call to us, a thing sublime,
Across the great gray wastes of time,
For men go up and men go down,
But follow still the star!

The Little Town
CLINTON SCOLLARD

And there was no room
for them in the inn.

There was a gentle hostler
(And blessed be his name!)
He opened up the stable
The night Our Lady came.
Our Lady and Saint Joseph,
He gave them food and bed,
And Jesus Christ has given him
A glory round his head.

So let the gate swing open
However poor the yard,
Lest weary people visit you
And find their passage barred.
Unlatch the door at midnight
And let your lantern's glow
Shine out to guide the traveller's feet
To you across the snow.

There was a courteous hostler
(He is in Heaven to-night!)
He held Our Lady's bridle
And helped her to alight,
He spread clean straw before her
Whereon she might lie down,
And Jesus Christ has given him
An everlasting crown.

Unlock the door this evening
And let the gate swing wide,
Let all who ask for shelter
Come speedily inside.
What if your yard be narrow?
What if your house be small?
There is a Guest is coming
Will glorify it all.

There was a joyous hostler
Who knelt on Christmas morn
Beside the radiant manger
Wherein his Lord was born.
His heart was full of laughter,
His soul was full of bliss
When Jesus, on His mother's lap,
Gave him His hand to kiss.

Unbar your heart this evening
And keep no stranger out,
Take from your soul's great portal
The barrier of doubt.
To humble folk and weary
Give hearty welcoming,
Your breast shall be to-morrow
The cradle of a King.

Gates and Doors: A Ballad of Christmas Eve
JOYCE KILMER

Ye shall find a babe
wrapped in swaddling clothes,
and lying in a manger.

The Ox he openeth wide the Doore
And from the Snowe he calls her inne,
And he hath seen her Smile therefor,
Our Lady without Sinne.
Now soone from Sleepe
A Starre shall leap,
And soone arrive both King and Hinde;
Amen, Amen:
But O, the Place co'd I but find!

The Ox hath hush'd his voyce and bent
Trewe eyes of Pitty ore the Mow,
And on his lovelie Neck, forspent,
The Blessed layes her Browe.
Around her feet
Full Warm and Sweete
His Bowerie Breath doth meeklie dwell;
Amen, Amen:
But sore am I with Vaine Travèl.

The Ox is Host in Judah stall,
And Host of more than onelie one,
For close she gathereth withal
Our Lorde, her littel Sonne:

Glad Hinde and King
Their Gyfte may bring,
But wo'd to-night my Teares were there;
Amen, Amen:
Between her Bosom and His hayre!

Nativity Song
LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

My soul doth magnify the Lord. . .
for he hath looked upon the low estate
of his handmaid.

On that divine all-hallowed morn
When Christ in Bethlehem was born,
How lone did Mary seem to be,
The kindly beasts for company!

But when she saw her infant's face—
Fair with the soul's unfading grace,
Softly she wept for love's excess,
For painless ease and happiness.

She pressed her treasure to her heart—
A lowly mother, set apart
In the dear way that mothers are,
And heaven seemed high, and earth afar:

And when grave kings in sumptuous guise
Adored her babe, she knew them wise;
For at his touch her sense grew dim—
So all *her* being worshipped him.

A nimbus seemed to crown the head
Low-nestled in that manger-bed,
And Mary's forehead, to our sight,
Wears ever something of its light;

And still the heart—poor pensioner!
In its affliction turns to her—
Best love of all, best understood,
The type of selfless motherhood!

When Christ Was Born
FLORENCE EARLE COATES

The cedars of Lebanon,
where the birds make their nests.

Murmured all night in cedar'd Lebanon
The tree-tops' odorous sigh;
Murmured all night beneath the steadfast stars
In frosty sky.

Whisper'd the pines—O softly! where the hills
Uplifted to the night,
A plaintive dream-song to the snowy earth
All virgin white.

Sighed the tall cedars; fragrant balsams wept;
The firs and hemlocks moaned;
While through their tremulous tops the sweeping winds
Their hymns intoned.

Think you the green trees slept while Mary grieved
In pain and travail sore?
Nay, night-long they watched with her, till at dawn
Her babe she bore.

The Cedars of Lebanon
HELEN COALE CREW

And they came with haste,
and found the babe lying in the manger.

The Little Jesus came to town;
The wind blew up, the wind blew down;
Out in the street the wind was bold;
Now who would house Him from the cold?

Then opened wide a stable door,
Fair were the rushes on the floor;
The Ox put forth a hornèd head;
"Come, little Lord, here make Thy bed."

Uprose the Sheep were folded near;
"Thou Lamb of God, come, enter here."
He entered there to rush and reed,
Who was the Lamb of God indeed.

The little Jesus came to town;
With ox and sheep He laid Him down;
Peace to the byre, peace to the fold,
For that they housed Him from the cold!

A Christmas Folk-Song
LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

Fear not, Mary: for thou
hast found favor with God.

Joseph, the simple tradesman, sat near by,
Awed by his wonder, stilled by sympathy;
Vaguely he mused on what his eyes had seen,
Or pondered slowly what the morn might mean.
Mary slept on—that first blest mother-sleep;
He watched alone; the night was growing deep.
Amazed he marked new glory flood her face;
Her eyes were closed, but from her lowly place
She called his name, as one who dreams a dream.
And as he came, her face did strangely gleam.
Her arms lay open, and with knowing glance,
He knew he heard her speaking in a trance.

"Look, Joseph, on my Babe—He is a King!
Come near and touch my hand; I hear the ring
Of wondrous anthems bursting from the sky;
I am bewildered and I know not why.
Look, sleeps He well? Ah, Joseph, bear with me
In loving patience as thou hast, for we—
Joseph, they sing again! Hear ye the choir?
Their faces shine as with a sacred fire.
They hover near us— O, a mighty throng
Are singing for my Babe His natal-song!
Before His star a thousand stars take flight—
Who placed it there, that wondrous, holy Light?
My joy—dear Joseph, can I bear it all?
My joy!—Ah, see around me fall

The dismal shadows of a distant cross!—
My fathers' God, is all this gain or loss?"

And Joseph—for he could not understand—
Knelt by her side and, wond'ring, kissed her hand.

Joseph and Mary
ROSCOE GILMAN STOTT

And there were shepherds in the same country,
keeping watch by night over their flock

First Shepherd, a youth:
I saw a wonder as I came along:
Out of the sky there dropped a shining song.
I do not know if stars in heaven have wings;
But look, and listen!—there it soars and sings.
Second Shepherd, an old man:
My eyes are dazzled for the light is strong.
The Angel:
I bring good tidings, shepherds, have no fear:
The Saviour of the whole world is come near.
A child is born to-night in Bethlehem
Who brings great joy to all, and most to them
Who are most poor. The King! The King is here!

First Shepherd:
Where is his palace? Can we find the way?
Second Shepherd:
We have had kings enough. Must we go pay
More taxes to a new one?

The Angel:

Come and bring
The love of simple hearts unto this king.

Third Shepherd, a man of middle age:

I could bring only tears where a child lay.

First Shepherd (aside):

Why can he not forget his year-old pain?

Second Shepherd (aside):

Hearts that break slowly will not heal again.

The Angel:

Good-will, good-will, and peace to all the earth
Born in a cattle stable, lo! his birth
Is holy. King of Love, he comes to reign.

Third Shepherd:

When harvests fail, and all the sheep are dead,
And little children cry and cry for bread,
Grow tired at last, and sicken and lie still,
Will any sing of peace there and good-will
To us who watch beside an empty bed?

First Shepherd:

I think that when the King of Love is grown,
And hearts of men are loving like his own,
He who has gold will with his brother share;
There will be bread and wine and fire to spare;
For who can love, yet sit and feast alone?

Second Shepherd:

Quick, let us go! These dim old eyes would see
A king who comes in peace and poverty.

First Shepherd:

I see a hundred white stars drifting down;
They circle yonder over Bethlehem town.

Chorus of Angels:

Glory to God! Good-will to men shall be!

The Shepherds
SOPHIE JEWETT

We saw his star in the east.

Softly I come into the dance of the spheres
Into the choir of lights,
New from my nest in God's heart.
O Night, the chosen of nights,
Longing and dream of the years,
Blessèd thou art!

Golden the fruit hangs on the hyaline tree;
Golden the glistening tide
Sweeps through the heavens; the cars
Of the great mooned planets glide
Golden; and yet to me
Bow down the stars;

Casting their crowns, bright with æonian reigns,
Under the flight of my feet
Eager for Bethlehem,
Thither with music-beat
Blent of innumerous strains
Marshalling them.

Sweetly their chant soars through unsearchable space,
  Quivering vespers that thrill
    Into the deep nocturne,
  Symphony I fulfill,
I who like Mary's face
    Wonder and yearn,

Cherish, adore, keeping the watch above
  The Word made flesh to-night,
    Wonderful Word impearled
  In childhood holy-white,
Word that is Godhood, Love,
    Light of the World.

The Star of Bethlehem
KATHARINE LEE BATES

And lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them.

I

The Kings of the East are riding
  To-night to Bethlehem.
The sunset glows dividing,
The Kings of the East are riding;
A star their journey guiding,
  Gleaming with gold and gem
The Kings of the East are riding
  To-night to Bethlehem.

II

To a strange sweet harp of Zion
The starry host troops forth;
The golden-glaived Orion
To a strange sweet harp of Zion;
The Archer and the Lion,
The Watcher of the North;
To a strange sweet harp of Zion
The starry host sweeps forth.

III

There beams above a manger
The child-face of a star;
Amid the stars a stranger,
It beams above a manger;
What means this ether-ranger
To pause where poor folk are?
There beams above a manger
The child-face of a star.

The Kings of the East
KATHARINE LEE BATES

The star came and stood over where the young child was.

The day the Christ-child's tender eyes
Unveiled their beauty on the earth,
God lit a new star in the skies
To flash the message of his birth;
And wise men read the glowing sign,
And came to greet the Child divine.

Low kneeling in the stable's gloom,
  Their precious treasures they unrolled;
The place was rich with sweet perfume;
  Upon the floor lay gifts of gold.
And thus adoring they did bring
To Christ the earliest offering.

I think no nimbus wreathed the head
  Of the young King so rudely throned;
The quilt of hay beneath Him spread
  The sleepy kine beside Him owned;
And here and there in the torn thatch
The sky thrust in a starry patch.

Oh, when was new-born monarch shrined
  Within such canopy as this?
The birds have cradles feather lined;
  And for their new babes princesses
Have sheets of lace without a flaw,—
His pillow was a wisp of straw!

He chose this way, it may have been,
  That those poor mothers, everywhere,
Whose babies in the world's great inn
  Find scanty cradle-room and fare,
As did the babe of Bethlehem,
May find somewhat to comfort them.

His Birthday
May Riley Smith

And his name shall be called
Prince of Peace.

The Christ-Child lay in Bethlehem,
  And the Wise Men gave Him gold,
And Mary-Mother she hearkened them
  As they prayed in the cattle-fold:
"Smile, then smile, little Prince of Earth,
  Smile in Thy holy sleep;
Now Thou art come, for want and dearth
There shall be plenty and light and mirth
  Through lands where the poor folk weep."

But Mary-Mother was still and pale
  And she raised her gold-ringed head:
"Then why have I heard the children wail
All night long on the far-blown gale
  While my own Child slept?" she said.
(*But far over head the angels sang;*
"*There shall be peace!*" *the far notes rang.*)

The Christ-Child lay in Bethlehem
  And the censers burned for Him
That the Wise Men swung on a silver stem,
  And prayed while the smoke rose dim:
"Sleep, then sleep, little Son of God,
  Sleep while the whole world prays:
All of the world shall fear thy nod,
Following close thy staff and rod
  Praising this day of days."

But Mary-Mother turned whispering
There by the manger-bed:
"Then why do I hear a mocking ring
Of voices crying and questioning
Through the scented smoke?" she said.
(*But high over head the angels sang;*
"*There shall be faith!*" *the sweet notes rang.*)

The Christ-Child lay in Bethlehem
And the Wise Men gave Him myrrh
And Mary-Mother she hearkened them
As they prayed by the heart of her;
"Hush, then hush, little Prince of Peace,
Hush, take Thy holy rest;
Now Thou art come all wars shall cease,
Thou who hast brought all strife release
Even from East to West!"

But Mary-Mother she veiled her head
As if her great joys were lost:
And "Here is only a manger-bed,
Then why do I hear clashed swords?" she said,
"And why do I see a tide of red
Over the whole world tossed?"
(*But still over all the angels sang:*
"*There shall be peace!*" *the high notes rang!*)

A Ballad of the Wise Men

MARGARET WIDDEMER

And opening their treasures
they offered unto him gifts.

I am Balthazar, sovereign where the Nile
  Winds over Egypt by the palms and sands.
  Temples and sphinxes waiting Thy commands
Adown the ages in a deathless smile.
Thee would our priests with fire and bloodshed style
  A "God of Terrors," yet the mummies' hands
  Held fast the scarab so that shadow-lands
Of death might know Thou didst but bide the while!

Thus for Thy Kingship did I snatch the gold
  From grim Osiris' brow, that night the Star
For which Chaldea's sages pined of old
  Proclaimed Thy birth; and trusting in the sign,
Come I to seek Thee on the hills afar,
  To yield Fear's broken sovereignty to Thine!

Behold me—Gaspar of the Isles of Greece—
  Before Thy feet anointed! Thou didst call
  Our souls to dream of Thee by waterfall
And snow-strewn mount and purple vale of peace.
Out where our sea-flocks comb their silver fleece
  Against a thousand isles marmoreal
  We raised to Thee our temple columns tall
Where sacrifice and pæan should not cease.

What though the Phidian stone or ivory heard
  The cry our barren hearts sent up to Thee,
Yet did we treasure every Delphic word

And ply the sibyls in Thine augury.
Such was our homage till yon pure Star stirred
Before me bearing incense o'er the sea.

They crowned me—Melchior—where the Ganges rolls
By gilded shrines and cities to the sea,
There where the death-pyres burn eternally
And saints and sages lacerate their souls.
Through scorn of love and hate their will controls
Earth's rebel senses; naught of worth can be
Save full absorption in the life of Thee,
Their Lamp consuming o'er the deeps and shoals.

Thou dost confound the dreaming of our seers,
Thou who in human guise, not flame, wouldst bring
Our world Thy message of its precious tears,
Its humblest service angel-winged with thought.
So hither unto Thee, O Saviour,—King,—
And Brother,—lo, the myrrh adoring brought!

At the Manger's Side
THOMAS WALSH

He that will, let him take
the water of life freely.

When that our gentle Lord was born
And cradled in the hay
There rode three wise men from the east—

Three rich wise men were they—
All in the starry night they came
Their homage gifts to pay.

They got them down from camel-back,
The cattle shed before,
And in the darkness vainly sought
A great latch on the door,
"Ho! this is strange," quoth Balthazar,
"Aye, strange," quoth Melchior.

Quoth Gaspar, "I can find no hasp;
Well hidden is the lock";
"The door," quoth Melchior, "is stout
And fast, our skill to mock";
Quoth Balthazar, "The little King
Might wake, we dare not knock."

The three wise men they sat them down
To wait for morning dawn,
The cunning wards of that old door
They thought and marvelled on;
Quoth they, "No gate in all the East
Hath bar-bolts tighter drawn."

Anon there came a little lad
With lambskins for the King,
He had no key, he raised no latch,
He touched no hidden spring,
But gently pushed the silent door
And open it gan swing.

"A miracle! a miracle!"
Cried out the wise men three;
"A little child hath solved the locks
That could not opened be."
In wonder spake the shepherd lad,
"It hath no locks," quoth he.

A Ballad of Wise Men
GEORGE M. P. BAIRD

That in the ages to come he might show
the exceeding riches of his grace.

Where went the gifts the Magi bore
To Bethlehem Village long of yore?
As they rode all night through the haunting sands,
There were whispering voices and touching hands:
"Give us of that which your panniers hold!"
Then they who rode to each other spoke:
"They have followed us forth because of our gold—
The eager clan of the Faery Folk!"

And the Magi answered those voices in air:
"The gifts we carry we may not share.
The myrrh and the gems and the gold from the mine—
These are all for One—for a Child Divine."
Oh, then, how the silver laughters ran
Till they made to quiver the Guiding Star:
"We will visit, ourselves, this Child of Man,
We will ask of Him when ye're passed afar!

"All that He hath He will give away—
In the hands of the world a treasure will lay,
Treasure so vast, so more than gold,
That the hands of the world will scarcely hold
All that He hath for them in store:
We have no souls, that treasure to share;
He will give us the lesser—the glittering ore!"
Laughed the Faery Folk, unseen in air.

Thus, with the touch of asking hands,
The Magi rode through the haunted sands
And silently followed their Guiding Star.
They gave their gifts, and they passed afar.
If any came after, there's none to tell,
And where went their gold is none to say.
But this of a truth we know full well:
"*All that He hath He will give away.*"

The Magi and the Faery Folk
EDITH M. THOMAS

And the power of the Most High
shall overshadow thee.

Methinks the Blessèd was content, her journey over-
past,
Amid the drowsy, wondering kine on lowly bed to lie:
To dream in pensive thankfulness, and happy days
forecast,
While over her the Star of Hope waxed brighter in
the sky.

And yet, methinks in Bethlehem her spirit had been lone
But for the tender new-born joy that in her arms she bore,—
Ay, even though with gifts of gold and many a precious stone
Great kings had knelt with shepherd folk about her stable door.

But every mortal mother's heart knows its Gethsemane—
That lonelier spot whereto no star the light of hope may bring—
Yet even in the darkest hour, amidst her agony,
Each still remembers Bethlehem, and hears the angels sing.

Mother Mary
FLORENCE EARLE COATES

But there were standing by the cross of Jesus his mother and ——.

Melchior, Gaspar, Balthazar,
Great gifts they bore and meet;
White linen for His body fair
And purple for His feet;
And golden things—the joy of kings—
And myrrh to breathe Him sweet.

It was the shepherd Terish spake,
"Oh, poor the gift I bring—
A little cross of broken twigs,
A hind's gift to a king—
Yet, haply, He may smile to see
And know my offering."

And it was Mary held her Son
Full softly to her breast,
"Great gifts and sweet are at Thy feet
And wonders king-possessed,
O little Son, take Thou the one
That pleasures Thee the best."

It was the Christ-Child in her arms
Who turned from gaud and gold,
Who turned from wondrous gifts and great,
From purple woof and fold,
And to His breast the cross He pressed
That scarce His hands could hold.

'Twas king and shepherd went their way—
Great wonder tore their bliss;
'Twas Mary clasped her little Son
Close, close to feel her kiss,
And in His hold the cross lay cold
Between her heart and His!

The Ballad of the Cross
THEODOSIA GARRISON

And a sword shall pierce through thine own soul;
that thoughts out of many hearts shall be revealed.

Vines branching stilly
Shade the open door,
In the house of Zion's Lily
Cleanly and poor.
Oh, brighter than wild laurel
The Babe bounds in her hand,
The King, who for apparel
Hath but a swaddling band,
And sees her heavenlier smiling than stars in His command!

Soon, mystic changes
Part Him from her breast,
Yet there awhile He ranges
Gardens of rest:
Yea, she the first to ponder
Our ransom and recall,
Awhile may rock Him under
Her young curls' fall,
Against that only sinless love-loyal heart of all.

What shall inure Him
Unto the deadly dream,
When the tetrarch shall abjure Him,
The thief blaspheme,
And scribe and soldier jostle
About the shameful tree,

And even an Apostle
Demand to touch and see?
But she hath kissed her Flower where the Wounds
are to be.

Nativity Song
LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

Behold, this child is set
for a sign.

"*Nay, but He is so helpless and so sweet,*
Why, it is nothing more than if I pressed
An armful of white roses to my breast,
That only stir above my own heart's beat.
Why should a dream I dreamed destroy my rest?"
Yet even as she spake she felt the stir
Of wings that in the garden passed by her.

"*He is so small, so weak against my heart,*
A little wounded dove were strong as He.
He hath no other need than need of me,
Nor any life from my own life apart.
Why should I dread an olden prophecy?"
Yet even as she spake, she felt, like flame,
The voice that in the garden said her name.

"*As lesser mothers are, am I not blest?*
He is no other's but mine own, mine own,
No King, no Prophet, but my child alone.

Asking no other kingdom than my breast.
Let me be glad those foolish fears are done."
Yet even as she spake He stirred in her embrace,
Feeling her tears, her tears—upon His face.

The Tears of Mary
THEODOSIA GARRISON

Fear not, Mary: of his kingdom
there shall be no end!

O Mary, in thy clear young eyes
  What sorrow came at His first cry?
  What hint of how He was to die
Disturbed thee in the calm sunrise . . .
  What shadow from the paling sky
Did fall across thy Paradise?

Dream'st thou the Garden, and the Tree?
  Know they were for the little Child
  Whose lips against thy warm breast smiled?
So sweet, that body close to thee,
  By men's rough hands to be defiled;
So frail . . . yet waiting Calvary!

Stanzas from "The Madonna of the Carpenter Shop"
(*Dagnan-Bougeret*)

RUTH GUTHRIE HARDING

—the city of David,
which is called Bethlehem.

In Bethlehem, that little town, sweet was the vesper hour;
In Bethlehem the night came down, soft as a folded flower;
The old Franciscan church was dark, where many pilgrims throng;
Like shadows there, the white-veiled women knelt, at even-song.

The fading light had died away; the kneeling forms grew dim;
Soft stole to me, in reverent tones, their solemn evening hymn;
The stillness of the darkened church lingers in memory yet,
The simple words, the melody, I never can forget.

"Dear Babe of Bethlehem," they sang, "was here of Virgin born;
Here came the Shepherds worshiping on that first Christmas Morn.
Here stood the Magi, they who came o'er field and mountain far
To kneel before the King of kings; here shone the Christmas Star!"

"Across the ages, Bethlehem!—across all troublous wrong,
Thrilling above our weary hearts, rings still the angelic song;
O Night of Nights in Bethlehem; still turn our hearts to you,
Where in the manger-cradle smiled God's Love, forever true!

"In Bethlehem, across the years, all sorrows are consoled;
Hopes unfulfilled, Earth's bitterest tears, here turn to joy untold!"
This was the song of Love and Faith—the while we knelt with them
On Christmas Eve, the white-veiled women sang, in Bethlehem!

The Song of the Kneeling Women, A Bethlehem Christmas Eve

MARTHA ELVIRA PETTUS

And when they saw the star, they
rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

Star of my heart, I follow from afar.
Sweet Love on high, lead on where shepherds are,
Where Time is not, and only dreamers are.
Star from of old, the Magi-Kings are dead
And a foolish Saxon seeks the manger-bed.
O lead me to Jehovah's child
Across this dreamland lone and wild.

Then I will speak this prayer unsaid,
And kiss his little haloed head—
"My star and I, we love thee, little child."

Except the Christ be born again to-night
In dreams of all men, saints and sons of shame,
The world will never see his kingdom bright.
Stars of all hearts, lead onward thro' the night
Past death-black deserts, doubts without a name,
Past hills of pain and mountains of new sin
To that far sky where mystic births begin,
Where dreaming ears the angel-song shall win.
Our Christmas shall be rare at dawning there,
And each shall find his brother fair,
Like a little child within:
All hearts of the earth shall find new birth
And wake, no more to sin.

Star of My Heart
VACHEL LINDSAY

Then Herod sent forth and slew all
the children that were in all the coasts thereof.

A Roman soldier came to-day,
To-day a Roman soldier came:
My life can never be the same,—
He took my little son to slay.

They snatched him from the secret place
Where I had hidden him from sight;
He cried a little in his fright,
He turned to look up in my face,

He held his arms out! With a sword
The Roman soldier pierced him through.
I stood and knew not what to do.
Thy hand is heavy on me, Lord.

The women gather at the well,
With empty arms and weep and mourn,
Cursing the day that child was born
On whom great Herod's anger fell.

But this I know: on that same night
Which Mary had awaited long,
Within the air I heard a song,
I saw a great and shining light.

O son of Mary, it is said
My little baby died for you,—
A king, if all they say be true,—
Live on, O King! My son is dead!

Rachel of Bethlehem
HILDA W. SMITH

Slow of heart to believe all
that the prophets have spoken.

Oh fast the shepherds ran by threes and fours,
Far down Judea's winding, hillside ways:
Ran panting, stumbling toward the stable doors,
To kneel and give the Young Child praise.

Hurrying they cried to all the happy din,
"Oh, come, for angels in the night called down
That in an ox's manger near the inn,
Our King was born in Bethlehem town."

But no; the reaper's wife fast plied her loom,
  She had her web to weave and could not join;
Her neighbor said, "Not I, I sweep my room
  To seek to-day a long-lost coin."

The miller's son was weighing barley meal,
  Grumbling he shook his head and turned away:
"I cannot leave my work, my whirling wheel,
  Upon this busy workaday."

The scribe was writing out a rich man's will:
  The mother neatly sewed her child a coat:
The merchantman must count his bursting till;
  The fisher now must mend his boat.

The husbandman must feed his hungry herds;
  The builder bent to smooth a corner stone;
The high priest said, "Go cease your silly words;
  If angels spoke I should have known."

Only the children of old Bethlehem
  Found for the Lord a happy hour to spare;
The least of these ran swiftly on with them
  To greet the babe in worship there.

Strange, strange, that any then should stay away
  From God—their hearts so dulled to the Divine!
Oh, do we too, upon our streets, to-day,
  Refuse the wonder and the sign?

The Children and the Shepherds
ANNA CATHERINE MARKHAM

Every good gift and every
perfect gift is from above.

She hung upon her mother's knee
In Bethlehem town that wondrous morn,
To tell how two had reached the inn
And how their little son was born.

"But they have laid him in a stall;
The inn was full as it could hold.
Ah, let me take mine outgrown cloak
And wrap Him round; He must be cold!"

She leaned upon her mother's knee,
The little maid; her eyes were fair,
And howe'er dark the day might be
A sunshine lit her curling hair.

The mother could not say her nay,
Though strangers they of Nazareth were.
"I will go with thee, dear," she said,
"And ask their pardon should we err."

She took the little scarlet cloak
And climbed the hill—her child behind
Gay, breathless—to the Baby's side,
So keen around the winter whined,

That Mary smiled her thanks, and wrapped
The dimpled Joy; the maid's heart grew
To mother-measure as she knelt
To touch his rose-leaf softness too.

But her own mother read more close
The Babe's wide gaze: and reverently
Fixed Mary with her wondering eyes,
"*A prince?*" they asked. "*A God!*" said she.

. . . . . .

The small maid sought her mother's arms
That later day when all was rife
With talk of mighty honors done
The Babe of Joseph and his wife—

How marched a Star mid-heaven and reigned
Above the manger where He slept;
How stately camels came that way,
Their housings tinkling as they stepped,

With gifts for Him. "And my poor cloak
So faded was, so mean a thing!"
The mother smiled. "Ah sweet," she said,
"Thou gavest ere thou knew'st Him King!"

The Cloak for the Manger
JENNIE PENDLETON HALL

A multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

The crystal of the Syrian night
Cast a white wonder on the plain;
Two thieves by walled Jerusalem
Lurked for unholy gain.

Afar, the sound of camel bells
Came wavering down the waste:
"'Tis Ameen with his pearls and gold!
The knives; bend low; make haste!

"Hark," cried the younger, "do you hear
That wind of wings above—
Those many voices from the stars
That sing to us of love?"

The knives fell ringing on the stones;
And evil faltered then;
The Heavenly Host sped down the skies—
"O peace on earth: good will to men!"

The First Christmas
VIRGIL MARKHAM

But Mary kept all these sayings
pondering them in her heart.

Mother of the Baby God
Born in wondrous way,
Now His tiny, fumbling hands
On thy face will stray.
One searching so thine eyes may touch:
He must not find them wet!
Mother of the Baby God,
For this one day—forget!

The First Christmas
CAROLINE GILTINAN

And she laid him in a manger because
there was no room for them in the inn.

Joseph was an old man;
Simple and tall was he,
Who went about in Bethlehem
To find, if it might be,

A little space beneath a roof,
For Jesus Christ to lie,
Safe, on His tender Mother's breast,
Until the dark went by.

He asked of women; he asked of men;
He asked of ox and ass,
All in a small, and broken shed,
Out in the village grass.

The women said nay; the men said nay;
And nay the great inn said;
There was no otherwhere to go
But that ramshackled shed.

A many a wind about it blew;
Its roof was withered and thin;
Oh, was that not a poor place
To house Christ Jesus in?

A Carol
LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

But the fruit of the spirit is love, joy,
peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith.

The Christ-Child lay in Bethlehem
And the Wise Men gave Him gold,
And Mary-Mother she hearkened them
As they prayed in the cattle-fold:
"Smile then, smile, little Prince of Earth,
Smile in Thy holy sleep,
Now Thou art come, for want and dearth
There shall be plenty and light and mirth
Through the lands where the poor folk weep."
But Mary-Mother was still and pale
And she raised her gold-ringed head,
"Then why have I heard the children wail
All night long on the far-blown gale
While my own Child slept?" she said.
(But far overhead the angels sang:
"There shall be joy!" the clear notes rang!)

The Christ-Child lay in Bethlehem
And the censer burned for Him
That the Wise Men swung on its silver stem
And prayed while the smoke rose dim:
"Sleep, then sleep, little Son of God,
Sleep while the whole world prays;
All of the world shall fear Thy nod,
Following close Thy staff and rod,
Praising this day of days."
But Mary-Mother turned whispering
There by the manger-bed

"Then why do I hear the mocking ring
Of voices and questioning
Through the scented smoke?" she said.
(But high overhead the angels sang:
"There shall be faith!" the pure notes rang!)

The Christ-Child lay in Bethlehem
And the Wise Men gave Him myrrh,
And Mary-Mother she hearkened them
As they prayed by the heart of her:
"Sleep, then sleep, little Prince of Peace,
Sleep, take Thy holy rest,
Now Thou art come all wars shall cease,
Thou who hast brought all strife release
Even from east to west!"
But Mary-Mother she veiled her head
As if her great joys were lost,
And "Here is only a manger-bed,
Then why do I hear clashed swords?" she said.
"And why do I see the tide of red
Over the whole world tossed?"
(But still overhead the angels sang:
"There shall be peace!" the sure-notes rang!)

A Ballad of the Wise Men

MARGARET WIDDEMER

And laid him in a manger.

The mild-eyed oxen and the gentle ass,
By manger or in pastures that they graze,
Lift their slow heads to watch us where we pass,
A reminiscent wonder in their gaze.

Their low humility is like a crown,
  A grave distinction they have come to wear,—
Their look gone past us to a little Town,
  And a white miracle that happened there.

An old, old vision haunts those quiet eyes,
  Where proud remembrance drifts to them again,
Of something that has made them humbly wise,
  —These burden-bearers for the race of men—
And lightens every load they lift or pull,
  Something that chanced because the inn was full.

Attendants
DAVID MORTON

From *Ships in Harbor*—G. P. Putnam's Sons

And Joseph, being a righteous man—

Joseph's words were kindly words,
  Joseph's hands were kind,
And the thoughts were kindly thoughts
  Went across his mind.

Was no shining round his head;
  Wore no raiment white;
And his words no music had,
  And his face no light.

Joseph smoothed her pillow down,
  Held a cup of mead,
Joseph's ways were thoughtful ways
  For a woman's need.

As upon her stable-bed
  Yellow-sweet with hay;
With deep eyes that none could read
  Stilly Mary lay.

Slow she smiled and grateful-wise,
  Let no half-look tell
Joseph seemed a sober man
  After Gabriel.

A Ballad of Mary
MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

II

THE YOUTH OF JESUS

He led them also by a straight way,
that they might go to a city of habitation.

Thou wayfaring Jesus, a pilgrim and stranger,
Exiled from Heaven by love at Thy birth,
Exiled again from Thy rest in the manger,
A fugitive child 'mid the perils of earth,—
Cheer with Thy fellowship all who are weary,
Wandering far from the land that they love;
Guide every heart that is homeless and dreary,
Safe to its home in Thy presence above.

The Flight into Egypt
HENRY VAN DYKE

And Joseph arose and took the young child
and his mother and fled into Egypt.

The mighty river flows as when Thine eyes
Thy baby eyes, in wonder saw it flow.
The Pyramids stand there; no one may know
Their countless years, or ancient builders wise;
Thy childish gaze was caught in glad surprise
To see the haughty camels come and go;
The ass thy mother rode still ambles slow;

Unmoved by centuries the country lies.
Up from the calm, the peace, the mystic land,
Back to the scene of conflict and of strife,
Thy parents journeyed at the Lord's command.
A touch of glory rests upon the place
Which gave its shelter to Thine infant grace,
And nourished Thee to be the Life of Life.

Out of Egypt Have I Called My Son
CAROLINE HAZARD

And the grace of God was upon him.

Could every time-worn heart but see Thee once again
A happy human child, among the homes of men,
The age of doubt would pass,—the vision of Thy face
Would silently restore the childhood of the race.

The Nativity
HENRY VAN DYKE

That it might be fulfilled which was spoken through the prophets, that he should be called a Nazarene.

In Nazareth, upon its southern slope
Of springtime hillside, lying in the sun
With fresh grass from the winter hardly won
And blossoms that begin with joy to ope—

The lily of the field, in heliotrope
And splendid crimson, such as Solomon
In glory had not—the Angelic One
Brought all to life, with those great words of hope.
And from the crest of that fair mountain town
Far to the north, the height the Prophet sings,
The dome of dazzling snow, the country's crown,
The splendid majesty of Hermon lies,
The joy of His forefather David's eyes,
White as the herald angel's radiant wings.

Nazareth
CAROLINE HAZARD

And the life was the light of men.

A woman sings across the wild
A song of wonder sweet,
And everywhere her little Child
Follows her gliding feet.

He flutters like a petal white
Along the roadway's rim;
When He is tired, at latter-light,
His mother carries Him.

Sometimes a little silver star
Floats softly down the air,
Past mountains where the pure snows are,
And sits upon His hair.

Sometimes, when darkness is unfurled,
Upon her breast He lies,
And all the dreams of all the world
Flock to His dreamy eyes.

The Christ-Child
AGNES LEE

One of these little ones.

And have you seen my little Son
A-passing by to-day?
A butterfly with golden wings
Has lured Him far away.

Oh, you would know Him by His eyes;
Twin pools of twilight sweet,
Oh, you would know Him by His smile,
And by His little feet.

And if you find Him, give Him drink,
And give Him of your bread,
And mother Him upon your breast,
And stroke His weary head;

And should a thorn have bruised His hand,
I beg you, wash the stain;
And oh, pray lead Him to my hearth,
And to my arms again.

For I would place Him in my bed,
  And close His tender eyes,
And lay my heart anear His heart,
  And dream of Paradise.

Mary's Quest
SCHARMEL IRIS

And he took them in his arms and blessed them.

Where has He gone, our Playmate?
  We've sought Him high and low
Where gray-green olives ripen,
  Where haycocks stand a-row. . . .

We saw Him passing down the street
  An hour or so ago!

Where has He gone, our Comrade
  Who took us by the hand
And taught us to build houses
  With little heaps of sand?

He has gone forth to sojourn
  In a far foreign land!

Nay, but He would not leave us
  Who took us on His knee,

And set our fancies sailing
  Like ships upon the sea. . . .

We think that He will never come
  Again to Galilee!

The Playmate
HARRY KEMP

And his name shall be called Counsellor.

A little Child, a Joy-of-heart, with eyes
  Unsearchable, he grew in Nazareth,
His daily speech so innocently wise
  That all the town went telling: "Jesus saith."

At Nazareth
KATHARINE LEE BATES

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem,
so Jehovah is round about his people!

I stood by the Holy City
  Without the Damascus Gate,
While the wind blew soft from the distant sea,
  And the day was wearing late,
And swept its wide horizon
  With reverent lingering gaze
From the rolling uplands of the west
  That slope a hundred ways,

To Olivet's gray terraces
By Kedron's bed that rise,
Upon whose crest the Crucified
Was lost to mortal eyes;
And, far beyond, to the tawny line
Where the sun seemed still to fall—
So bright the hue against the blue,
Of Moab's mountain wall;
And north to the hills of Benjamin,
Whose springs are flowing yet,
Ramah, and sacred Mizpah,
Its dome above them set;
And the beautiful words of the Psalmist
Had meaning before unknown:
As the mountains are round Jerusalem
The Lord is round His own.

At Jerusalem
EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

They found him in the temple,
sitting in the midst of the teachers,
asking them questions.

The young child, Christ, is straight and wise
And asks questions of the old men, questions
Found under running water for all children,
And found under shadows thrown on still waters
By tall trees looking downwards, old and gnarled,
Found to the eyes of children alone, untold,

Singing a low song in the loneliness.
And the young child, Christ, goes asking
And the old men answer nothing and only know love
For the young child, Christ, straight and wise.

Child
CARL SANDBURG

Knew ye not that I must be
in my Father's house?

What is it forces men to overrun
  Their safe and common paths, to meet the frown
  Of those they reverence, jeered by every clown,
Knowing no rest till some strange task is done,
Some luring secret from the darkness won?
  What is it makes life, love, and fair renown
  As naught—its far-off prize the martyr's crown?
'Tis God's great business, claiming thus His son.

So was it with the Boy Divine. Apart
  From those calm travellers on their homeward way,
He needs must utter from His questioning heart
  The burden that already on it lay;
And she who gently drew Him from the spot
Trembled, methinks, at that presaging "Wist ye not?"

My Father's Business
SARAH J. DAY

So many kinds of voices in the world . . .
Christ reconciling the world unto himself.

Little town of Nazareth
On the hillsides Galilean,
Oh, your name is like a pæan
Rising over dole and death!

I can see your domes and towers
Dazzle underneath the noon,
And your drowsy poppy-flowers
In the breezes sway and swoon.

I can see your olives quiver
With their opalescent sheen,
Like the ripples of a river
Gliding grassy banks between.

I can see your graceful daughters
Poise their slim-necked drinking-jars,
With their hair like twilight waters,
And their eyes like Syrian stars.

I can see your narrow byways
Where the folk go sandal-shod,—
All your dim bazaars and highways,
Every path that once He trod.

And I know that waking, sleeping,
Until time has ceased to be,
You will hold fast in your keeping
His beloved memory!

Little town of Nazareth
On the hillsides Galilean,
Oh, your name is like a pæan
Rising over dole and death!

Easter at Nazareth
CLINTON SCOLLARD

And he was subject unto them.

So sweetly through that humble home
The rippling laughter went
That Mary felt the world's blue dome
Too small for her content.

And careful Joseph, while he held
The boy in grave caress,
Wist not what tender thrill dispelled
His workday weariness.

The crown set softly, only rings
Of baby hair agleam
With lustres dropt from angels' wings
And starlight down a dream.

The thorn-tree was a seedling still,
And with laughter's frolic chime
The Christ-child did his father's will,
As when, of elder time,

A ruddy lad in Bethlehem
  Was keeping sheep and played
Blithe music on his harp to them
  Before the psalms were made.

Murillo's "Holy Family of the Little Bird"

KATHARINE LEE BATES

And Jesus advanced
in wisdom and stature.

I know, Lord, Thou hast sent Him—
Thou art so good to me!—
But Thou hast only lent Him,
  His heart's for Thee!—

I dared—Thy poor handmaiden—
Not ask a prophet-child:
Only a boy-babe laden
  For earth—and mild.

But this one Thou hast given
Seems not for earth—or me!
His lips flame truth from heaven,
  And vanity

Seem all my thoughts and prayers
When He but speaks Thy law;
Out of my heart the tares
  Are torn by awe!

I cannot look upon Him,
So strangely burn His eyes—
Hath not some grieving drawn Him
From Paradise?

For Thee, for Thee I'd live, Lord!
Yet oft I almost fall
Before Him—Oh, forgive, Lord,
My sinful thrall!

But e'en when He was nursing,
A baby at my breast,
It seemed He was dispersing
The world's unrest.

Thou badst me call Him "Jesus,"
And from our heavy sin
I know He shall release us,
From Sheol win.

But, Lord, forgive! the yearning
That He may sometimes be
Like other children, learning
Beside my knee,

Or playing, prattling, seeking
For help—comes to my heart . . .
Oh sinful, Lord, I'm speaking—
How good Thou art!

Mary at Nazareth
CALE YOUNG RICE

And the government shall be
upon his shoulder.

When, for the last time from His mother's home
The Son went forth, foreseeing perfectly
What doom would happen, and what things would come,
Was there upon His lips no stifled sigh
For happy hours that should return no more,
Long days among the lilies, pure delights
Of wanderings by Galilee's fair shore,
And converse with His friends on starry nights?
Yet brave He stepped into the setting sun
With this one word, "Father, Thy will be done!"

With a low voice the stooping olive trees
Whispered to Him of His Gethsemane;
The cruel thorn-bush, clinging to His knees,
Proclaimed, "I shall be made a crown for Thee!"
And, looking back, His eyes made dim with loss,
He saw the lintel of the cottage grow
In shape against the sunset, like a cross,
And knew He had not very far to go.
Yet brave He stepped into the setting sun,
Still saying this one word, "Thy will be done!"

So, when the last time, from His mother's home
The Son passed out, no choir of angels came,
As long before at Bethlehem they had come,
To comfort Him upon the road of shame.

Alone He went, and stopped a little space,
As one o'erburdened, stopped to look again
Upon His mother's pleading form and face,
And wept for her, that she should know this pain.
Then, silently, He faced the setting sun,
And said, "Oh, Father, let Thy will be done!"

Mother and Son
W. J. Dawson

For even his brethren
did not believe on him.

Joses, the brother of Jesus, plodded from day to day
With never a vision within him to glorify his clay;
Joses, the brother of Jesus, was one with the heavy clod,
But Christ was the soul of rapture, and soared, like a lark, with God.
Joses, the brother of Jesus, was only a worker in wood,
And he never could see the glory that Jesus, his brother, could.
"Why stays he not in the workshop?" he often used to complain,
"Sawing the Lebanon cedar, imparting to woods their stain?
Why must he go thus roaming, forsaking my father's trade,
While hammers are busily sounding, and there is gain to be made?"

Thus ran the mind of Joses, apt with plummet and rule,
And deeming whoever surpassed him either a knave or a fool,—
For he never walked with the prophets in God's great garden of bliss—
And of all mistakes of the ages, the saddest, methinks, was this
To have such a brother as Jesus, to speak with him day by day,
But never to catch the vision which glorified his clay.

Joses, the Brother of Jesus
HARRY KEMP

Is not this the carpenter's son?

I wish I had been His apprentice, to see Him each morning at seven,
As He tossed His gray tunic far from Him, the Master of earth and of heaven.
When He lifted the lid of His work chest and opened His carpenter's kit
And looked at His chisels and augers, and took the bright tools out of it
While He gazed at the rising sun tinting the dew on the opening flowers
And smiled as He thought of His Father, whose love floods this planet of ours,

When He fastened His apron about Him, and put on
His working-man's cap,
And grasped the smooth hasp of the hammer, to give
the bent woodwork a tap,
Saying, "Lad, let me finish this ox yoke. The farmer
must put in his crop."
O, I wish I had been His apprentice and worked in
the Nazareth shop!

Some wish they had been on Mount Tabor, to hearken
unto His high speech
When the quick and the dead were beside Him, He
holding communion with each.
Some wish they had heard the soft accents that stilled
the wee children's alarms,
When He won the sweet babes from their mothers and
folded them fast in His arms.
Some wish they had stood by the Jordan when holy
John greeted Him there
And seen the white dove of the Spirit fly down o'er
the path of His prayer.
Some wish they had seen the Redeemer when into the
basin He poured
The water, and, girt with a towel, the servant of all
was the Lord.
But for me, if I had the choosing, O this would them
all overtop,
To work all day steady beside Him, of old in the
Nazareth shop.

These heavenly wonders would fright me, I cannot
approach to them yet.
But, O, to have seen Him, when toiling, His forehead
all jeweled with sweat,
To hear Him say softly, "My helper, now bring me
the level and rule."
To hear Him bend over and teach me the use of the
artisan's tool.
To hear Him say, "This is a sheep gate, to keep in
the wandering flock,"
Or, "This is stout oaken house sill. I hope it will
rest on a rock."
And sometimes His mother might bring us our meal
in the midsummer heat,
Outspread it so simply before us, and bid us sit down
and eat.
Then with both of us silent before Him, the blessed
Messiah would stop
To say grace, and a tremulous glory would fill the
Nazareth shop.

The Nazareth Shop
ROBERT MCINTYRE

The measure of the stature
of the fullness of Christ!

And yet the daily task is sacred too,
And he who serves the Highest will not spurn
The humbler service, nor unloving turn
From claims of human kinship. No less true

A mastery of our wills is that which through
Apprenticeship to other wills we learn,
Not servile, yet submissive to discern
God's bidding when a lowlier bids to do.

So through those silent unrecorded years
The matchless life grew slowly into power,
Brooding its mystery of hopes and fears
And moving ever forward toward the hour
When He who first had served at Nazareth
Life's Lord became, obedient unto Death.

Was Subject Unto Them
SARAH J. DAY

A workman that needeth not to be ashamed,
handling aright the word of truth.

The altar flame was white, the flowers red,
Through the hushed chancel, from the altar side,
Came the priest's prayer before the Living Bread,
He prayed, "O Victim, opening wide—"

Rough scaffolding outside a shadow threw
On the tall window, veiled to hide the sun,
Crossbeams and bars, a tracery that grew
To a mute symbol of the day begun.

For, climbing, pausing, noiseless as a thought,
Black on the amber curtain's narrow span,
Among the bars and beams his hands had wrought,
There rose and crossed the shadow of a man.

A man—a carpenter. What breath of awe
  Swept cold across our prayer-wrapt ecstasy,
In place of lights and kneeling priest, we saw
  A workman's home in far-off Galilee.

Thy Church, Thy brother workman!—This we know—
  (Help us, O Christ, the gulf is deep and wide!)
We kneel in peace where the tall candles glow,
  Thy brother workmen face the world—outside.

The Shadow
ELIZABETH CARTER

Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?
Philip saith unto him, Come and see.

Nazareth town in Galilee!
Set where the paths lead up from the sea
That like the chords of a mighty lyre
Dirges over the rocks of Tyre,
Mourns where the piers of Sidon shone,
And the battlements of Ascalon.
They have waned as the sunset wanes;
Little more than a name remains;
But more than a name we hold it,—we,—
Nazareth town in Galilee!

Nazareth town in Galilee!
Ah, what a golden harmony
The dawn seems, flooding its bright white walls!
And, when the violet twilight falls,

What vast processional of stars
Pageants over its stilled bazaars!
And when the full moon touches the height
Of Tabor, a torch of brilliant light,
Never was sight more fair to see;—
Nazareth town in Galilee!

Nazareth town in Galilee!
Strumming a desert melody,
The Bedouin minstrel trolls in the street;
At the Well of the Virgin the maidens meet;
The cactus-hedges crimson to flower,
The olives silver hour by hour
As through their branches the south wind steals;
A clear bell peals, and a vulture wheels
Over the crest where the wild crags be;—
Nazareth town in Galilee!

Nazareth town in Galilee!
At the sound of the words how memory
Kindles as earth does under the spring,
Till the dead days rise for our visioning;
And out of them one compassionate face
Beams with a more than mortal grace;
Out of them one inspiring voice
Cries in the ears of the world, "Rejoice!"
And ever a beacon of hope shall be
Nazareth town in Galilee!

Nazareth Town
CLINTON SCOLLARD

And his mother kept all these sayings
in her heart.

Mary sat in the corner dreaming,
  Dim was the room and low,
While in the dusk the saw went screaming
  To and fro.

Jesus and Joseph toiled together,
  Mary was watching them,
Thinking of Kings in the wintry weather
  At Bethlehem.

Mary sat in the corner thinking,
  Jesus had grown a man;
One by one her hopes were sinking
  As the years ran.

Jesus and Joseph toiled together,
  Mary's thoughts were far—
Angels sang in the wintry weather
  Under a star.

Mary sat in the corner weeping,
  Bitter and hot her tears—
Little faith were the angels keeping
  All the years.

In the Carpenter's Shop
SARA TEASDALE

When Jesus was a little thing,
  His mother, in her hood of blue,
Called to Him through the dusk of spring:
  "Jesus, my Jesus, where are you?"

Caught in a gust of whirling bloom,
  She stood a moment at the door,
Then lit the candle in the room,
  In its pink earthen bowl of yore.

The little Jesus saw it all;—
  The blur of yellow in the street;
The fair trees by the tumbling wall;
  The shadowy other lads, whose feet

Struck a quick noise from out the grass;
  He saw, dim in the half-lit air,
As one sees folk within a glass,
  His mother with her candle there.
Jesus! Jesus!

When he a weary man became,
  I think, as He went to and fro,
He heard her calling just the same
  Across that dusk of long ago.
Jesus!

For men were tired that had been bold;—
  And strange indeed this should befall—

One day so hot, one day so cold—
But mothers never change at all.
Jesus!

His Mother in Her Hood of Blue
LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

For God so loved the world that
he gave his only begotten Son.

The little shop is cool and still,
While past the swinging door ajar,
Above the far-off, brightening hill
There hangs the fading morning star.

"Come, little child and leave your play,
For you are five years old, to-day."
The mother spoke, Child Jesus came—
He always answered to his name.

The broken wood to left and right
Fills all the room with fragrance sweet,
The shavings clean and crisply white
Curl round the young child's dimpled feet.

"You could not hear the angels call,
You were too young and weak and small;"
She stooped to kiss the listening child—
She always kissed Him when He smiled.

"That little hovel under ground
Where I must lie on your birth-night,

Seemed all alive with soothing sound,
  Seemed flooded with unearthly light."

The little Jesus did not speak;
  He only laid his warm, pink cheek
Against her arm as if to tell
  How He should always love her well.

"But oft when I recall that time—
  That night of mingling joy and pain—
I fear Thou art not wholly mine,
  Not mine alone is all the gain."

The child hid in her neck his eyes
  That grew unchildlike, tender, wise;
The mother looked about in fear,
  She always felt a Presence near.

"O God, he is Thy gift of love!
  I want Him for my own!" she cried.
The child stirred, to her eyes above
  He lifted his, so wise and wide.

Upon his cheek her warm tears fell.
  "O God, forgive! I know full well,
Though He is mine by right of birth,
  He is Thy gift to all the earth."

The Fifth Christmas
FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM

And oh, was Jesus once a little boy,
A little boy like me,
And did his mother love to tell Him tales
Of sailors and the sea,
And let Him go, while He was still a child,
To look at Galilee?

And did He have a little boat like mine,
As real as boats can be,
And let it sail and float upon the waves,
And play that it was free,
And did He choose the largest, smoothest stones
And skip them, just like me?

And did He love to look across the blue
To places you can't see,
And did his mother hug Him close, like mine,
And call Him, Honey Bee,
And on His birthday did they make Him gifts
And light a Christmas Tree?

I hope when Jesus was a little boy
That He was just like me.

Boyhood
LOUISE AYRES GARNET
From *Poem with Music*—Oliver Ditson Company

Perhaps a thorn tree cast its shade
  Within his open door;
It must have been that sunbeams strayed—
And angels—'round the things He made,
  And drifted o'er the floor.
All day He toiled till set of sun;
And when his humble tasks were done,
  Along a little footpath, dim
And sweet with almond-flowers' breath,
  His mother Mary came to Him,
Across the fields of Nazareth.

And though the time was scarcely spring,
  And fields were newly plowed,
They talked about the harvesting—
What russet treasure it should bring;
  And her sweet eyes were proud,
While that fond heart that loved Him spoke
Of oxen, blest to wear his yoke,
  And little ones—He loved them so;
Of these the kingdom, so He saith—
  How strong and stalwart they should grow
On blessed bread of Nazareth!

The Harvest
MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

In him was life and the
life was the light of men.

To be Himself a star most bright
To bring the wise men to His sight,
To be Himself a voice most sweet
To call the shepherds to His feet,
To be a child—it was His will,
That folk like us might find Him still.

Childhood
JOHN ERSKINE

III

THE MINISTRY OF JESUS

Thou art my beloved Son:
in thee I am well pleased.

Erect in youthful grace and radiant
With spirit forces, all imparadised
In a divine compassion, down the slant
Of these remembering hills He came, the Christ.

By the Sea of Galilee
KATHARINE LEE BATES

Lo, the world is gone after him!

At last the very land whose breath he breathed,
The very hills his bruisèd feet did climb!
This is his Olivet; on this Mount he stood,
As I do now, and with this same surprise
Straight down into the startling blue he gazed
Of the fair, turquoise mid-sea of the plain.
That long, straight, misty, dream-like, violet wall
Of Moab—lo, how close it looms! The same
Quick human wonder struck his holy vision.
About these feet the flowers he knew so well.
Back where the city's shadow slowly climbs
There is a wood of Olives gaunt and gray
And centuries old; it holds the name it bore
That night of agony and bloody sweat.

I tell you when I looked upon these fields
And stony valleys,—through the purple veil
Of twilight, or what time the Orient sun
Made shining jewels of the barren rocks,—
Something within me trembled; for I said:
This picture once was mirrored in his eyes;
This sky, that lake, those hills, this loveliness,
To him familiar were; this is the way
To Bethany; the red anemones
Along yon wandering path mark the steep road
To green-embowered Jordan. All is his:
These leprous outcasts pleading piteously;
This troubled country,—troubled then as now,
And wild and bloody,—this is his own land.
On such a day, girdled by these same hills,
Prest by his dark-browed, sullen, Orient crowd,
On yonder mount, spotted with crimson blooms,
He closed his eyes, in that dark tragedy
Which mortal spirit never dared to sound.
O God! I saw those eyes in every throng.

Part of a poem entitled, *In Palestine*
RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Toward the sea, beyond the Jordan,
Galilee of the Gentiles.

Bright 'neath the Syrian sun, dim 'neath the Syrian star,
Thus lieth Galilee's sea, sapphirine lake Gennesar;

Girdled by mountains that range purple and proud
to their crests,
Bearing the burden of dreams,—glamour of eld,—on
their breasts.

Just one white glint of a sail dotting the brooding
expanse;
Beaches that sparkle and gleam, ripples that darkle
and dance;

Grandeur and beauty and peace welded year-long into
one,
Under the Syrian star, under the Syrian sun!

And over all and through all memories sweet of His
name,
Kindling the past with their light, touching the future
with flame!

Gennesar

CLINTON SCOLLARD

And straightway the Spirit
driveth him forth into the wilderness.

Up from the Jordan straight His way He took
To that lone wilderness, where rocks are hurled,
And strewn, and piled,—as if the ancient world
In strong convulsions seethed and writhed and shook,

Which heaved the valleys up, and sunk each brook,
And flung the molten rock like ribbons curled
In mists of gray around the mountains whirled:—
A grim land, of a fierce, forbidding look.
The wild beasts haunt its barren stony heights,
And wilder visions came to tempt Him there;
For forty days and forty weary nights,
Alone He faced His mortal self and sin,
Chaos without, and chaos reigned within,
Subdued and conquered by the might of prayer.

The Wilderness
CAROLINE HAZARD

And Jesus went about in all Galilee,
preaching the gospel of the kingdom.

Should not the glowing lilies of the field
With keener splendor mark His footprints yet
—Prints of the gentle feet whose passing healed
All blight from Tabor unto Olivet?

In His Steps
KATHARINE LEE BATES

The multitude welcomed him,
for they were all waiting for him.

Where the patient oxen were, by the ass's stall,
Watching my Lord's manger knelt the waking cattle all;
'Twas a little country maid vigil by Him kept—
All among the country things my good Lord slept.

Fair was Rome the city on that early Christmas morn,
Yet among the country-folk was my Lord born!

Country-lads that followed Him, blithe they were and
kind,
It was only city folk were hard to Him and blind:
Ay, He told of lilies, and of grain and grass that grew,
Fair things of the summer fields my good Lord knew,
By the hedgerows' flowering there He laid His head—
It was in the country that my Lord was bred.

When the cross weighed down on Him, on the grievous
road,
'Twas a kindly countryman raised my good Lord's load;
Peasant-girls of Galilee, folk of Nazareth
These were fain to follow him down the ways of death—
Yea, beyond a city wall, underneath the sky,
Out in open country did my good Lord die.

When He rose to Heaven on that white Ascension day
Last from open country did my good Lord pass away;
Rows of golden seraphim watched where He should
dwell,
Yet it was the country-folk had my Lord's farewell:
Out above the flowered hill, from the mossy grass,
Up from open country did my good Lord pass.

Where the jewelled minsters are, where the censers
sway,
There they kneel to Christ the Lord on this His bearing-
day:

But I shall stay to greet Him where the bonny fields
begin,
Like the fields that once my good Lord wandered in,
Where His thorn-tree flowered once, where His sparrows soared,
In the open country of my good Lord!

A Country Carol
MARGARET WIDDEMER

What think ye of the Christ?

Comes any good from Nazareth?
The scornful challenge as of old
Is flung on many a jeering breath
From cloistered cells and marts of gold.

Comes any good from Nazareth?
Behold, the mighty Nazarene,
The Lord of life, the Lord of death,
Through warring ages walks serene.

One touch upon his garment's fringe
Still heals the hurt of bitter years.
Before Him yet the demons cringe,
He gives the wine of joy for tears.

O city of the Carpenter,
Upon the hill slope old and gray,
The world amid its pain and stir
Turns yearning eyes on thee to-day.

For He who dwelt in Nazareth,
And wrought with toil of hand and brain,
Alone gives victory to faith
Until the day He come again.

From Nazareth
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

He opened his mouth and
taught them, saying—

An upland plain, with sandy soil and bare;
Tall tufts of grass start from the barren ground
And branching bushes; scattered all around
Are jagged rocks to form a shelter where
The foxes still have holes and make their lair;
While birds of prey up in the still profound
Of lambent sky are circling o'er the mound
Twin-crested, basking in the spring-time air.
It was upon that sun-crowned little hill
Beneath the Syrian sky the Master spoke
Such blessed words that they are living still;
"I have compassion on the multitude;"
And while He blessed and gave them mortal food
The everlasting bread for them He broke.

The Mount of Beatitudes
CAROLINE HAZARD

And he spoke also this parable unto certain
who trusted in themselves that they were righteous.

Two men went up into God's place to pray,
The one a Pharisee. He stood apart.
Evening in flight had dropped immortal flowers
Of sunset bloom. The quiet city lay
Like a pale gem beneath a night of stars,
And no sound rose.

Besought the Pharisee,
Beating his head upon the marble wall,
"God, God, I thank Thee for this bitterness;
I thank Thee that, in anguish, I am lift
Above my fellows, that Thou choosest me
For throes that rend no other, that Thou givest
An awful and peculiar agony
Such as *One* only bore. I thank Thee, God!"
Then as he prayed, he listened to the sobs
Heaving up from his soul, counted the tears
That burned upon his face, and held his woe
Supreme!

The other knelt, a Publican,
In sober dress and common attitude.
He prayed, "Ah, stern Jehovah, Thou dost take
My self-belief, my courage and my joy,
Even mine inmost treasure, secret love!
I bow to Thy decree. Mayhap Thy sword
Smites with like heaviness this desolate man
Beside me. We are brothers in despair.
Am I then isolate before Thy wrath?

Am I then all alone in agony?
Behold, Thy pitiless, ironic word
Brands us alike, the mighty Pharisee
And the poor blinded, weeping Publican!"

The Pharisee
DOROTHY LANDERS BEALL

But while he was yet afar off,
his father saw him, and was moved with compassion.

Here feast I at my Father's board,
Who starved among the swine;
For me must every foot be fleet
And every lamp must shine;
For me the merry music sounds,
The dancers dip and twine.

My heart beats fast against my robe,
The best robe, soft and red;
With sobbing breath and tightening throat
And tears in rapture shed,
I feel His ring upon my hand,
His blessings on my head.

Ah, bitter was the way, and oft
My blood my path would trace;
And guilt and grief and stabbing shame
With all my steps kept pace;
And yet I famished not for bread
So sore as for His face.

The road seemed endless. On I fared,
  Wresting each mile from death;
Then such an awe upon me fell
  I scarce could draw my breath;
My spirit felt His coming as
  Of one that succoreth.

Blind, fainting, to His mighty breast
  He caught and held me fast;
I knew the fortress of His arms
  About my weakness cast;
And, when He kissed my traitor cheek,
  I guessed His heart at last.

The piteous words I oft had conned
  I trembling strove to say;
But sudden glory round me poured
  A brighter, richer day.
In wonderment I lifted up
  My head that drooping lay.

The glory streamed from out His eyes,
  As from all Beauty's throne.
O depths of love unthinkable
  That in that splendor shone!
O pain of love that travaileth
  And bleedeth for its own!

O gleam of wisdom hoar with eld
  Ere sang the stars of morn!

O shifting, blending, dazzling lights,
That thrilled my hope forlorn
To undreamed miracles of joy
And surge of life reborn!

. . . . . .

He brought me home, and here I sit,
Even in my boyhood's place;
And on my very soul is stamped
Each largess of His grace;
But still transfiguring all I see
That radiance of His face!

The Prodigal Son
MARION PELTON GUILD

Now there was a man of the Pharisees named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews: the same came to Jesus by night.

And Nicodemus came by night
When none might hear or see—
He came by night to shun men's sight
And away by night slunk he.

He dared not come by light of day
To move where sinners trod:
He must hold apart from the common heart,
For he was a Man of God.

But the honest Christ, He walked with men
  Nor held his ways apart—
With publicans talked, with harlots walked,
  And loved them all in his heart. . . .

Came Nicodemus to Christ by night;
  And long they reasoned, alone,
Till the Old Man saw the sham of the Law
  That turned his being to stone:

He tore the formal husks from his life,
  He was born again, though gray.
And, erect with the youth of a Living Truth,
  He dared the world by day!

Nicodemus
HARRY KEMP

For Mary hath chosen the good part,
which shall not be taken away from her.

Now the Martha of her stiffened to her load,
  Down-weighing, of relentless daily care.
Now she straightened upright, would not bend nor break,
  But held herself all iron standing there.

When the Mary of her called unto her soul,
  And made a moan, and cried to it in vain:
"Oh, this woman—look! She fretteth overmuch
  And leaves no space for me; Lord, I complain."

But the Martha of her listened with the sigh
Of those too weary or too strong to rest:
"Tell who taketh, then, this burden if I cease,
And empty both my hands upon my breast."

Oh, a soul divided is a soul forspent,
She went still asking: "Is it I? Or I?"
Low forever through the silence Mary spoke,
And Martha, sad and sure, did make reply.

Till the irony and harmony of death
Made out of these a concord high and sweet.
When the Martha of the woman, toiling, passed,
Estranged from ease, she sought her Master's feet.

"Now my turn has come, my turn at last," she cried,
"My time to worship, listening to Thy word."
Ah, but calm beyond her, fair above her still,
The Mary of her knelt before the Lord.

The Twain of Her
ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD

Foxes have holes and birds have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.

No longer of Him be it said,
"He hath no place to lay His head."

In every land a constant lamp
Flames by His small and mighty camp.

There is no strange and distant place
That is not gladdened by His face.

And every nation kneels to hail
The Splendor shining through its veil.

Cloistered beside the shouting street,
Silent, He calls me to His feet.

Imprisoned for His love of me
He makes my spirit greatly free.

And through my lips that uttered sin
The King of Glory enters in.

Citizen of the World
JOYCE KILMER

And lifting up their eyes,
they saw no one, save Jesus only.

If Death should visit me to-night
And bid me forth unto the skies
I pray Thee, Christ, to let me see
No jasper paradise.

But Thee, in fields of asphodel,
Familiar as my earth-eyes knew,
With face uplift and radiant,
The Christ that Raphael drew.

The Christ of Raphael's Transfiguration
MARY BOWEN BRAINERD

Raise the stone, and there thou shalt find Me;
cleave the wood, and there am I. Logion V.

Hear the word that Jesus spake
Eighteen centuries ago,
Where the crimson lilies blow
Round the blue Tiberian lake:
There the bread of life he brake,
Through the fields of harvest walking
With His lowly comrades, talking
Of the secret thoughts that feed
Weary hearts in time of need.
Art thou hungry? Come and take;
Hear the word that Jesus spake:
'Tis the sacrament of labour; meat and drink divinely blest;
Friendship's food, and sweet refreshment; strength and courage, joy and rest.

Yet this word the Master said,
Long ago and far away,
Silent and forgotten lay
Buried with the silent dead,—
Where the sands of Egypt spread,
Sea-like, tawny billows heaping
Over ancient cities sleeping;
While the River Nile between
Rolls its summer flood of green,
Rolls its autumn flood of red,—
There the word the Master said

Written on a frail papyrus, scorched by fire, wrinkled, torn,
Hidden in God's hand, was waiting for its resurrection morn.

Hear the Master's risen word!
Delving spades have set it free,—
Wake! the world has need of thee,—
Rise, and let thy voice be heard,
Like a fountain disinterred,
Upward springing, singing, sparkling;
Through the doubtful shadows darkling;
Till the clouds of pain and rage
Brooding o'er the toiling age,
As with rifts of light are stirred
By the music of the word;
Gospel for the heavy-laden, answer to the labourer's cry;
"Raise the stone, and thou shalt find me; cleave the wood, and there am I."

A Lost Word of Jesus
HENRY VAN DYKE

Come unto Me and I will give you rest.

We labor and are heavy-laden. Where
Shall we find rest unto our souls? We bleed
On thorn and flint, and rove in pilgrim weed
From shrine to shrine, but comfort is not there.

What went we out into thy desert bare,
O Human Life, to see? Thy greenest reed
Is Love, unmighty for our utmost need,
And shaken with the wind of our despair.
A voice from Heaven like dew on Hermon falleth,
That voice whose passion paled the olive leaf
In thy dusky aisles, Gethsemane, thou blest
Of gardens. 'Tis the Man of Sorrows calleth,
The Man of Sorrows and acquaint with grief:
"Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

Come Unto Me
KATHARINE LEE BATES

For power came from him,
and healed them all.

"Some one has touched me,—touched my garment hem;
For I perceive that power hath issued hence."
There stayed the Christ midway, and journeyed thence
To her just dropped from Jairus' diadem,—
A virgin shining pure, worth living, gem
Of Israel. Can Jesus recompense?
He may? Who stopped him? Dared such give offense?
'Twas one impure,—and cured! He answers them:
"Power hath gone out from me." O, thus began,
And thus continued, His atonement true.

Drop after drop, His anguished heart gave man
  The life that saves, till death o'er-anxious grew
To meet Him face to face, with hell's dire clan.
  Then Christ gave all, and sin and death o'erthrew.

The Cost of Saving
FRANK W. GUNSAULUS

Consider the lilies
of the field!

Thy loveliness is meek and free
  From arrogance, and yet I find
A certain stately pride in thee
  That wakens reverie in my mind

And well I ween why it is so!—
  A lily once the Master took
His lesson from, then let it go,
  But first He blessed it with a look.

Ah! who can doubt the flower was thrilled
  With tremblings strange and raised its head
With joy, its lovesome body filled
  With sense of what the Master said?

And lilies since, forevermore,
  Do hold them high, do bear them well,
Do raise their cups more proudly, for
  The lily of the parable.

The Lily
RICHARD BURTON

Come ye apart into a desert place
and rest a while.

A pale light streaming through the rainy sky
Like peace through sorrow, comforting the eye
On our Palm Sunday, wayworn pilgrims three,
Beside the lonely lake of Galilee
—Most blest of lakes, whose hush remembers yet
Those multitudes on broad Gennesaret,
The reaching arms, the cries that still pursued,
As Jesus sought the mid-sea solitude.

How oft Mount Hermon, in the sunset glow,
Would cleave its clouds, exceeding white as snow,
An alabaster altar crowned with fire,
To worship Him, the blind world's long Desire,
The Christ, a guest in some rude fishing-boat,
Wrapt in His seamless Galilean coat,
Forspent with healing, drawing heavy breath,
The Lord of Life Who went the way of death.

And He, on whom our mortal weakness weighed,
—Even on Him, Whom winds and waves obeyed,—
Would peradventure watch, too tired for prayer,
That sudden splendor melt in purple air,
As dusk drew over and the stars shone out,
Until the murmurous ripples, that about
The rocking keel intoned their timid psalms,
Were to His slumber like the sound of palms.

If then stepped soft the sons of Zebedee
To ease the drooping head on patient knee

Or coil of net for pillow, surely they
Marvelled above the Dreamer, for He lay
With tender triumph on the wistful face,
As of one welcomed by the waving grace
Of fair green branches, while their hearts in them
Burned with impatience for Jerusalem.

Palm Sunday in Galilee
KATHARINE LEE BATES

Why are ye fearful?
Have ye not yet faith?

What shall we do when the great tides knock
And remorseless enter though walls be rock?
When the strong waves dash and the surges roll
And Creation's forces o'erwhelm the soul?
Christ! oh Christ! once again say "Peace!"
Yet once again bid the tempest cease!

What shall we do when the tides go back,
When the dull sky hangs over weed and wrack,
When there's nothing left for the dreary strand
But a foam-spread waste and a sea-wet sand?
Once again, oh Christ! build Thy little fire;
Feed and comfort us, Heart's Desire!

Consolator
MARIA ELMENDORF LILLIE

To-day is salvation come to this house.
For the Son of man came to seek and to save
that which was lost.

This plain made bright with streaks of crimson clay
And sprinkled o'er with grains of golden sand—
The vestige of a long-forgotten strand—
Once saw the host of Israel as it lay
With pikes and trumpets in war's fierce array.
Now in the grass the solemn wild storks stand,
A pensive silence broods upon the land,
Unbroken by the shout which won that day.

Zaccheus lived here, who desired to see
When Christ came down the Jordan wilderness;
And one born blind cried out exceedingly.
I too am blind, my Lord; oh, give me sight!
Illume my mind, Thou very Light of Light!
I cannot let Thee go until Thou bless.

Jericho
CAROLINE HAZARD

He told me all things that ever I did.

Too well I know what the voices mean—
The tale of the mart, the cry of the street,
The whispered word and the grin unclean
That follow my weary-moving feet—

I am what they will not forget
Who kept their girlhood clean and free—
A woman of the street, and yet,
The Christ's own hand fell soft on me.

Bitter it is to feel and know
I love the life I now must lead—
The thrilling glare, the flaunting show,
The painted craft, the shallow greed:
Yes, I could find it in my power
To laugh and burn my life away,
But that there comes a little hour
Between the fevered night and day,

In the chill dawn, perhaps, or blown
Down the still pave, when one by one
The beacon street-lamps wink alone,
The day's work ended, mine begun—
Then like a knell of death I hear
"Thou art forgiv'n: go, sin no more!"
But whither can I take my fear,
And who will bide the leper's sore?

A Woman of Samaria
DOUGLAS DUER

Go, and sin no more.

Master, what work hast thou for me,—
For me, who turn aside in shame
Before the eyes of my own blame?
Thou seest, Lord.

I see.
That shame for Me thou shalt endure,
That thou mayst succour souls afraid,
Who would not dare to seek for aid
The mercilessly pure.

But must my heart forever show
These scars of unforgotten pain?
May it be never whole again?
Thou knowest, Lord.

I know.
Those scars I leave thee for a sign
That bleeding hearts may creep to rest
As on a mother's sheltering breast
On that scarred heart of thine.

Magdalen to Christ
AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

And I give unto them eternal life;
and they shall never perish.

Lazarus tells the people that crowd about him why he came back from the land of the dead.

Lazarus—

Who has seen Heaven
May pass no speech upon it. I grow dumb
And helpless thinking of it, with no words
But for one only thing, and that the best,
Since that it lured me out of perfect bliss
And Heaven was not strong to keep me from it.

The crowd—

The Christ! The Christ!

A man—

I think it was His face
That shone upon thee. If I were dispersed
Into the various ways of sun and dew,
A portion of the slow mood of the soil
And sweet thought of the air, I would return
And, reaching helpless hands out of the dust,
Gathering dimly out of stone and rain,
Would rear myself before Him if His face
But shone upon the world where I abode.

Lazarus—

Nay, not the love and solace of His face.

A woman—

What drew thee, then? The way were cold to come
With no dear smile to lure. What better thing
Bade thee from Paradise?

A man—

It was His voice!
Ay! Were I feasting with the happy dead
And shouting with great laughter, I would rise,
Forgetting love and cheer for ways forlorn
So that His voice called.

Lazarus—

Nay—not His voice.

A woman—

Thou camest all alone? What swayed thee, then,
To seek our sorrow from the blessed dead?

Lazarus—

A great desire led me out alone
From those assured abodes of perfect bliss.
One thing more fair than they, more keen, more
sweet!
And I was swayed before it helplessly,
For the desire of it; and I rose,
And stepped from those slow æons of delight
And by the way I went came seeking earth,
Seeing before my eyes one only thing—

The crowd—

What was it, Lazarus? Let us share that thing.
What was it, brother, thou didst see?

Lazarus—

A cross.

Passage from *Lazarus*
ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

And at even when the sun was set.

The light in jeweled splendor falls
  Upon your golden altar stair;
The pealing organ music calls
  To bid me worship there.

Such glories over-awe me much,
  I may not share in them;
I only ask to find and touch
  His healing garment's hem!

His Garment's Hem
JEANETTE AYLWORTH

It is I; be not afraid.

Lord Christ came walking,
  Walking on the sea;
All the little wind-swept waves
  Leaping to His knee;
Lord Christ was beautiful
  In His mastery.

Dim light of clouded stars
  Showed Him tall and clear;
Hearts full of yearning dread
  Failed as He drew near;
And above the wind and wave
  Rose the cry of fear.

Low came the words He spoke,
Six words of grace;
"It is I; be not afraid!"
—Then they saw His face!
—Peter, in the wild dark,
Sprang across the space.

While the Lord's eyes held him,
He was safe and light;
Till the marvel smote his soul,
In his love's despite;
Looking to the dark sea,
Terror clasped him tight;

Dragged him down the sucking waves,
Tossed him all about;
"Save, Lord, I perish!"
The bitter cry rang out.
"Ah, child of little faith!
Wherefore didst thou doubt?"

I would wait a thousand years,
Forfeiting delight,
Just to see the Lord Christ
Coming in the night,
Through the dim and clouded stars
Marvellously bright.

And the Hand that framed the spheres
Would be stretched to me;

Oh, in all the radiant night,
  One Face to see,—
Lord Christ, beautiful
  In His Majesty!

Ballad of Christ on the Water
MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

IV

THE GREAT WEEK IN JESUS' LIFE

My house shall be called a house of prayer for all the nations.

On the day that Christ ascended
To Jerusalem,
Singing multitudes attended,
And the very heavens were rended
With the shout of them.

Chanted they a sacred ditty,
Every heart elate;
But he wept in brooding pity,
Then went in the holy city
By the Golden Gate.

In the temple, lo! what lightning
Makes unseemly rout!
He in anger, sudden, frightening,
Drives with scorn and scourge the whitening
Money-changers out.

By the way that Christ descended
From Mount Olivet,
I, a lonely pilgrim, wended,
On the day his entry splendid
Is remembered yet.

And I thought: If he, returning
On this high festival,
Here should haste with love and yearning,
Where would now his fearful, burning
Anger flash and fall?

In the very house they builded
To his saving name,
'Mid their altars, gemmed and gilded,
Would his scourge and scorn be wielded,
His fierce lightning flame?

Once again, O Man of Wonder,
Let thy voice be heard!
Speak as with a sound of thunder;
Drive the false thy roof from under,
Teach thy priests thy word.

The Anger of Christ
RICHARD WATSON GILDER

But ye have made it a den of robbers.

That day the doves with burnished breasts
Uneasy were; we, halt and blind and lame,
Within the temple waited, ugly guests,
Hoping, in spite of filth, disease and shame;
Outside the multitude waved branches green,
Calling, "Hosanna to the Nazarene."

I shrank close to the roof-prop, for my eyes
  Were dead to seeing: but I heard the clink of
    coins,
The piles of silver shekels steadily rise,
  Poured from sheiks' bags and belts 'round merchant
    loins;
I heard the purple priced; and in between
Far off,—"Hosanna to the Nazarene."

I could not see Him enter, but I heard
  The multitude and smelled the dusty throng:
Old Anab brushed me with his ragged beard,
  Muttering, "Kneel, thou! He will speak ere long."
Yea—though five times more leprous I had been
I would come here to implore the Nazarene.

But then the woman Terah, ill of pox,
  Began to whimper. "See, he bringeth woe!
He overturns the booths, the treasure-box;
  His eyes blaze on the dove-sellers. Let us go!
He'll scourge us, smite us. Tush! It is well seen
We shall be cursèd of the Nazarene."

A form swept past us, we in terror caught
  A man's clear voice of anger: then the sound
Of fleeing feet of traffickers, onslaught
  On booths, and tables crashing to the ground.
I heard the money scatter and careen
Under the spurning of the Nazarene.

Rachel, a maiden, clutched my sleeve, and shrank
With me behind the curtain, and the crowd
Surged wildly past. For us, our dear hopes sank
Under that stern voice cutting like a goad,
Judging, arraigning, charging; 'mid the spleen
Of money-changers, stood the Nazarene!

"*This temple is my house, the House of Prayer!*"
(His voice was like the wind that whips the leaves)
"*But with your buyings and your sellings there*
Ye—ye have made my house a den of thieves!"
Then little Rachel sobbed; "Awful his mien;
His eyes are flames; I fear the Nazarene."

But when the temple silenced—while a dove
Fluttered and soared and beat against the roof,
We frightened beggars heard a voice of love
Calling us gently; then his tender proof
He gave. He healed us! I, who had been
Blind from my birth—I *saw* the Nazarene!

Told in the Market-place
EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

Blessed is the king that cometh
in the name of the Lord.

The street stands crowded from wall to wall.
Yon Hebrew boy, come here, I pray,
And tell me what has sufficed to call
Such multitude abroad to-day.

"Friend, do you see upon yonder hill
Where the road winds around old Olive's brow?"
"Lad, I see only the sunshine still,
And some ragged trees and the dust below;

"While along the poor path some weary men,
With one in their midst as poor as they;
He is much bespent, for I see again,
That he rides on an ass; and they draw this way."

"Stranger, many a month before,
I stood on the coast of Gennesaret's sea;
In a basket of wicker some loaves I bore
That my mother, at home, had prepared for me.

"Stranger, just at the set of the sun,
He that was teaching called me anear;
'Will you give me your loaves, lad?' 'Every one!'
I answered, and gave them with never a fear.

"Stranger, five thousand men and more
Had heard what the teacher had to say;
And these were hungry; He blessed my store,
And He fed them all, and He sent them away.

"Stranger, He that rides down toward the gate
Is that Teacher— All Hail! Let me go, I say.
I must join them at once. I would not be late.
You must keep me no longer,—I cannot stay."

"Hosanna!" down from the hill they cry,
"Hosanna!" comes back from the town below,
As they pay meet homage and honor high,
And for Christ's dear feet their green palms strow.

Part of a poem called *Palm Sunday*
CARROLL LUND BATES

When he drew nigh, he saw the city,
and wept over it.

The long ascent was ended, evening shed
  Its softest light, and from Mount Olive's brow
  The holy city stood before Him; how
Fair, with temple crowned and garlanded
With massive walls. The sacrifice is led
  Not only in the days of Abraham's vow
  To Mount Moriah, but comes here and now
Upon the ass's colt with garments spread.
"Jerusalem," the tender voice laments,
  "That stonest those that come to thy release,
  The slaughter of the holy innocents,
The blood of martyrs make thy diadem;
  If thou hadst known, e'en thou, Jerusalem,
  The precious things belonging to thy peace!"

The Lament
CAROLINE HAZARD

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
that killeth the prophets!

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, who oft
His love had gathered thee beneath its wings
And thou wouldst not!—Love crucified aloft
On Calvary, enthroned the King of Kings.

At Jerusalem
KATHARINE LEE BATES

Are ye able to drink the cup
that I am about to drink?

At last the bird that sung so long
In twilight circles, hushed his song;
Above the ancient square
The stars came here and there.

Good Friday Night! Some hearts were bowed,
But some amid the waiting crowd
Because of too much youth
Felt not the mystic ruth;

And of these hearts my heart was one:
Nor when beneath the arch of stone
With dirge and candle flame
The cross of passion came,

Did my glad spirit feel reproof,
Though on the awful tree aloof,

Unspiritual, dead,
Drooped the ensanguined Head.

To one who stood where myrtles made
A little space of deeper shade
(As I could half descry,
A stranger, even as I),

I said, "Those youths who bear along
The symbols of their Saviour's wrong,
The spear, the garment torn,
The flaggel, and the thorn,—

"Why do they make this mummery?
Would not a brave man gladly die
For a much smaller thing
Than to be Christ and king?"

He answered nothing, and I turned.
Throned in its hundred candles burned
The jewelled eidolon
Of her who bore the Son.

The crowd was prostrate; still, I felt
No shame until the stranger knelt;
Then not to kneel, almost
Seemed like a vulgar boast.

I knelt. The doll-face, waxen white,
Flowered out a living dimness; bright
Dawned the dear mortal grace
Of my own mother's face.

When we were risen up, the street
Was vacant; all the air hung sweet
With lemon-flowers; and soon
The sky would hold the moon.

More silently than new-found friends
To whom much silence makes amends
For the much babble vain
While yet their lives were twain,

We walked along the odorous hill.
The light was little yet; his will
I could not see to trace
Upon his form or face.

So when aloft the gold moon broke,
I cried, heart-stung. As one who woke
He turned unto my cries
The anguish of his eyes.

"Friend! Master!" I cried falteringly,
"Thou seest the thing they make of Thee.
Oh, by the light divine,
My mother shares with thine,

"I beg that I may lay my head
Upon thy shoulder and be fed
With thoughts of brotherhood!"
So through the odorous wood,

More silently than friends new-found
We walked. At the first meadow bound
His figure ashen-stoled
Sank in the moon's broad gold.

Good Friday Night
WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end.

John, my beloved, come with me apart
In this dim garden for a little space.
I cannot rest me though the others sleep;
There is a time to wake them, but not now.

Is it not good to climb this hill to-night
After the glad hozannas in the street,
The crowding faces, life and men and love,
Here on the slope of the eternal stars
To watch the lights that shine through Kedron's vale,
And 'neath the olives walk alone with God?

'Tis not the first time that we two have walked
Shoulder to shoulder underneath the stars;
Nor yet the last, John, though to-morrow's sun
Should dawn upon you, and on you alone.

Nay, my good brother, loose your fingers' grip.
You could not keep me if I willed to go:

Your heart enfolds me, not your fearful arm—
The lights shine clearer through the dusky vale,
And with their coming, John, we say goodbye.

We say goodbye, for every road must end,
All pleasant journeys underneath the sun;
Claspt hands are severed, hungry lips must part,
The long night comes at close of every day,
And men must slumber when their work is done.

Nay, it is better,—light is not light alone;
Were there no shadows, even suns were blind;
Only by parting do men meet again.
And we have met, John, met in a holy land .
Alone with God in his great silences
Where never men have ventured—you and I.
And we have looked upon the gates of heaven,
Beyond the stars, beyond the flaming sun,
Beyond all time, and known that God is love.

Was it not worth it, just to dare to be
One's simple self, to think, to love, to do,
And not to be ashamed? To live one's life
Fearless and pure and strong, true to one's self,
Though the false world were full of lies and hate,
Where blind men lead each other through the dark,
Too weak to sin, ashamed of what is good,
Unable to do evil, thinking it.

But we have dared. David and Jonathan
Drank no divinelier in courts of Saul
Than we together in Gethsemane.

And though to-night I drain the cup of death
Down to the stinging dregs of Judas' kiss,
The wine of love lies sweeter on my lips—
I see the lanterns gleaming. Kiss me, John.

John
WILLARD WATTLES

He went forth with his disciples over the brook Kidron, where was a garden.

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him,
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with love and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came.

A Ballad of Trees and the Master
SIDNEY LANIER

My soul is exceeding sorrowful
even unto death;
abide ye here, and watch.

There is a sighing in the pallid sprays
Of these old olives, as if still they kept
Their pitying watch, in Nature's faithful ways,
As on that night when the disciples slept,

At Gethsemane
KATHARINE LEE BATES

What then shall I do unto Jesus
who is called the Christ?

Have thou naught to do with Him, O Pilate,
With that Just One! For to-night a dream
Or an angel spoke: most dread revealing
Did the vision seem!

Throned amid the clouds of heaven I see Him;
See the lightnings flashing from His brow;
And *that Face!*—'tis His, the Galilean's,
Thou art judging now.

Oh, the clouds of splendor! they enfold Him:
How the angels throng; their faces shine;
Oh, His eyes! with calmness, deep, majestic,
Looking into mine:—

But I shrink away,—I cannot bear it,
All that glory. Heaven is bending down,
And the thorn-pierced, mighty brow, refulgent,
Wears a victor's crown.

Earth, all hushed, is waiting to adore Him,
Mighty seas are murmuring at His feet;
Mountain heights, in silence, grand, before Him
Stand, their King to greet.

See, the nations gather; He hath called them,—
His, the mighty fiat they obey;
His, the Man enthroned amid the angels
On that awful day.

Darest thou meet Him, in the hour of judgment?
Pilate,—canst thou answer to His call?
Trembling I behold thee; pallid terror
Holdeth thee in thrall:

Dumb, convicted, thou wouldst sue for mercy,
Yet canst find no plea, can speak no word:
Who is this?—the Judge, whose silence smiteth
Like avenging sword?

Fades the dream, as dawn dispels the midnight;
Last to vanish is that Face sublime;
And His eyes, still searching mine, command me
Speak, while yet there's time.

Oh, refuse not! Pilate, heed the vision,—
All my soul in anguish bids thee hear;
Oh, condemn thou not this Man, the Just One;
For I fear, *I fear!*

The Dream of Claudia Procula
MARTHA ELVIRA PETTUS

The unsearchable riches of Christ.

My Master was so very poor,
A manger was His cradling place;
So very rich my Master was
Kings came from far
To gain His grace.

My Master was so very poor
And with the poor He broke the bread;
So very rich my Master was
That multitudes
By him were fed.

My Master was so very poor
They nailed Him naked to a cross;
So very rich my Master was
He gave His all
And knew no loss.

My Master
HARRY LEE

Pilate delivered Jesus, when he had secured him, to be crucified.

I saw in Siena pictures,
Wandering wearily;
I sought not the names of the masters
Nor the works men care to see;
But once in a low-ceiled passage
I came on a place of gloom,
Lit here and there with halos
Like saints within the room.
The pure, serene, mild colors
The early artists used
Had made my heart grow softer,
And still on peace I mused.
Sudden I saw the Sufferer,
And my frame was clenched with pain;
Perchance no throe so noble
Visits my soul again.
Mine were the stripes of the scourging;
On my thorn-pierced brow blood ran;
In my breast the deep compassion
Breaking the heart for man.
I drooped with heavy eyelids,
Till evil should have its will;
On my lips was silence gathered;
My waiting soul stood still.
I gazed, nor knew I was gazing;
I trembled, and woke to know
Him whom they worship in heaven
Still walking on earth below.

Once have I borne his sorrows
    Beneath the flail of fate!
Once, in the woe of his passion,
    I felt the soul grow great!
I turned from my dead Leader;
    I passed the silent door;
The gray-walled street received me;
    On peace I mused no more.

Christ Scourged
GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

And they crucify him.

Friendless and faint, with martyred steps and slow,
Faint for the flesh, but for the spirit free,
Stung by the mob that came to see the show,
The Master toiled along to Calvary;
We gibed him, as he went, with houndish glee,
Till his dim eyes for us did overflow;
We cursed his vengeless hands thrice wretchedly,—
And this was nineteen hundred years ago.

But after nineteen hundred years the shame
Still clings, and we have not made good the loss
That outraged faith has entered in his name.
Ah, when shall come love's courage to be strong!
Tell me, O Lord—tell me, O Lord, how long
Are we to keep Christ writhing on the cross!

Calvary
EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

Truly this man was the Son of God.

After the shameful trial in the hall,
The mocking and the scourging, and the pain
Of Peter's words; to Herod, and again
To Pilate's judgment-seat, the royal pall,
The cross itself, the vinegar and gall;
The thieves close by, discipleship proved vain,
The scoffing crowd, His mother's tears like rain,
There came one moment, bitterest of all.
Yet in that cry, when flesh and spirit failed,
Last effort of the awful way He trod,
Which shook the earth, nor left the temple veiled,
In that exceeding great and bitter cry
Was conquest. The centurion standing by
Said, Truly this man was the Son of God.

The Ninth Hour
CAROLINE HAZARD

And when Peter thought thereon, he wept.

Peter and James and John,
The sad tale runneth on—
All slept and Thee forgot;
One said he knew Thee not.

Peter and James and John,
The sad tale runneth on—
I am that one, the three;
Thus have I done to Thee.

Under a garden wall,
I lay at evenfall;
I waked. Thou calledst me;
I had not watched with Thee.

Peter and James and John,
The sad tale runneth on—
By the priest's fagot hot,
I said I knew Thee not.

The little maid spake out:
"With Him thou wentest about."
"This Man I never met—"
I hear the cock crow yet.

Good Friday
LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

And with him they crucify two robbers,
one on his right hand, and one on his left.

Three crosses rose on Calvary against the iron sky,
Each with its living burden, each with its human cry.
And all the ages watched there, and there were you
and I.

One bore the God incarnate, reviled by man's disdain,
Who through the woe he suffered for our eternal gain,
With joy of infinite loving assuaged his infinite pain.

On one the thief repentant conquered his cruel doom,
Who called at last on Christ and saw his glory through
the gloom.
For him after the torment souls of the blest made room.

And one the unrepentant bore, who his harsh fate defied.
To him, the child of darkness, all mercy was denied;
Nailed by his brothers on the cross, he cursed his God
and died.

Ah, Christ, who met in Paradise him who had eyes
to see,
Didst thou not greet the other in hell's black agony?
And if he knew thy face, Lord, what did he say to
thee?

The Thief on the Cross
HARRIET MONROE

And the glory which thou hast given me
I have given unto them; that they may be one,
even as we are one.

Thanks to Saint Matthew, who had been
At mass-meetings in Palestine,
We know whose side was spoken for
When Comrade Jesus had the floor.

"Where sore they toil and hard they lie,
Among the great unwashed dwell I;—
The tramp, the convict, I am he;
Cold-shoulder him, cold-shoulder me."

By Dives' door, with thoughtful eye,
He did to-morrow prophesy;—
"The kingdom's gate is low and small;
The rich can scarce wedge through at all."

"A dangerous man," said Caiaphas;
"An ignorant demagogue, alas!
Friend of low women, it is he
Slanders the upright Pharisee."

For law and order, it was plain,
For Holy Church, he must be slain.
The troops were there to awe the crowd,
And violence was not allowed.

Their clumsy force with force to foil
His strong, clean hands he would not soil.
He saw their childishness quite plain
Between the lightnings of his pain.

Between the twilights of his end,
He made his fellow-felon friend;
With swollen tongue and blinding eyes,
Invited him to Paradise.

Ah, let no local him refuse!
Comrade Jesus hath paid his dues.
Whatever other be debarred,
Comrade Jesus hath his red card.

Comrade Jesus
SARA N. CLEGHORN

Verily I say unto you,
that one of you shall betray me.

Mary, the Christ long slain, passed silently,
Following the children joyously astir
Under the cedrus and the olive-tree,
Pausing to let their laughter float to her.
Each voice an echo of a voice more dear,
She saw a little Christ in every face;
When lo, another woman, gliding near,
Yearned o'er the tender life that filled the place.
And Mary sought the woman's hand and spoke:
"I know thee not, yet know thy memory tossed
With all a thousand dreams their eyes evoke
Who bring to thee a child beloved and lost.

"I, too, have rocked my little one.
O He was fair!
Yea, fairer than the fairest sun,
And like its rays through amber spun
His sun-bright hair.
Still I can see it shine and shine."
"Even so," the woman said, "was mine."

"His ways were ever darling ways,"—
And Mary smiled,—
"So soft, so clinging! Glad relays
Of love were all His precious days.
My little child!
My infinite star! my music fled!"
"Even so was mine," the woman said.

Then whispered Mary: "Tell me, thou,
Of thine." And she:
"O mine was rosy as a bough
Blooming with roses, sent, somehow,
To bloom for me!
His balmy fingers left a thrill
Within my breast that warms me still."

Then gazed she down some wilder, darker hour,
And said, when Mary questioned, knowing not:
"Who art thou, mother of so sweet a flower?"
"I am the mother of Iscariot."

Motherhood
AGNES LEE

And the women, who had come with him
out of Galilee, followed after,
and beheld the tomb.

There was a trampling of horses from Calvary
Where the armed Romans rode from the mountain side;
Yet riding they dreamed of the soul that could ride free
Out of the bruised breast and the arms nailed wide.

There was a trampling of horses from Calvary,
And the long spears glittered in the night;
Yet riding they dreamed of the will that dared to be,
When the head fell and the heavens were rent with light.

The eyes that closed over sleep like folded wings
And the sad mouth that kissed death with the cry
"Father, forgive them,"—silently these things,
They remembered, riding down from Calvary.

And Joseph, when the sick body was lowered slowly,
Folded it in a white cloth without seam,
The indomitable brow, inflexible and holy,
And the sad breast that held the immortal dream,

And the feet that could not walk, and the pierced hand,
And the arms that held the whole world in their embrace;
But Mary, beside the cross-tree, could not understand,
Looking upon the tired, human face.

The Mother
JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

Henceforth all generations
shall call me blessed.

Mary smiled on her little Son,
"Now, why hast Thou left Thy play?"
"But to touch thy hands with my hands, Mother,
Lest sometime there comes a day
When I may not close them within my own,
Though they fall as hurt doves may."

Mary smiled on her little Son,
"Now blind wouldst Thou have me go
That mine eyes Thou hast closed with kisses twain?"
"My Mother, I may not know,
But I fear a day when they look on pain
And I may not close them so."

Mary smiled on her little Son,
Close, close in her arms pressed He;
"O Mother, my Mother, my heart on thine
Lest sometime a day may be
When I may not comfort or make it whole,
Though it break for love of me."

Now think you that on Calvary hill
Whereon her Son was slain
She felt upon her eyes that touch
That veiled them unto pain,
And filled her groping hands, and bade
Her torn heart beat again?

The Ballad of the Comforting
THEODOSIA GARRISON

And I, if I be lifted from the earth,
will draw all men unto myself.

The eve of Golgotha had come,
And Christ lay shrouded in the garden Tomb;
Among the olives, oh, how dumb,
How sad the sun incarnadined the gloom!

The hill grew dim—the pleading cross
Reached empty arms toward the closing gate.
Jerusalem, oh, count thy loss!
Oh, hear ye! hear ye! ere it be too late!

Reached bleeding arms—but how in vain!
The murmurous multitude within the wall
Already had forgot His pain—
To-morrow would forget the cross—and all!

They knew not Rome, before its sign,
Bending her brow bound with the nation's threne,
Would sweep all lands from Nile to Rhine
In servitude unto the Nazarene.

Nor knew that millions would forsake
Ancestral shrines great with the glow of time,
And lifting up its token shake
Æons with thrill of love or battle's crime.

With empty arms aloft it stood:
Ah, Scribe and Pharisee, ye builded well!
The cross emblotted with His blood
Mounts, highest Hope of men, against earth's hell!

The Empty Cross
CALE YOUNG RICE

Ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy.

There is a legend somewhere told
Of how the skylark came of old
  To the dying Saviour's cross,
And circling round that form of pain
Poured forth a wild, lamenting strain,
  As if for human loss.

Pierced by those accents of despair,
Upon the tiny mourner there
  Turning his fading eyes,
The Saviour said, "Dost thou so mourn
And is thy fragile breast so torn,
  That man, thy brother, dies?

"O'er all the world uplifted high,
We are alone here, thou and I;
  And near to heaven and thee
I bless thy pity-guided wings!
I bless thy voice—the last that sings
  Love's requiem for me.

"Sorrow no more shall fill thy song;
These frail and fluttering wings grown strong,
  Thou shalt no longer fly
Earth's captive—nay, but boldly dare
The azure vault, and upward bear
  Thy transports to the sky!"

Soon passed the Saviour; but the lark,
Close hovering near Him in the dark,
  Could not his grief abate;
And nigh the watchers at the tomb,
Still mourned through days of grief and gloom,
  With note disconsolate.

But when to those sad mourners came,
In rose and amethyst and flame,
  The Dawn Miraculous,
Song in which sorrow had no part
Burst from the lark's triumphant heart—
  Sweet and tumultuous!

An instant, as with rapture blind,
He faltered; then, his Lord to find,
  Straight to the ether flew,—
Rising where falls no human tear,
Singing where still his song we hear
  Piercing the upper blue!

The Lark
FLORENCE EARLE COATES

I am the Way.

Three roads led out of Calvary.
  The first was broad and straight,
That Pilate and great Caiaphas
  Might ride thereon in state.

The second was the felons' road,
  Cruel and hard to tread
For those who bore the cross's load,
  For those whose footsteps bled.

The third road slunk through mean defiles,
  Fearing the open sky;
And Judas crept the dreadful miles
  To Calvary thereby.

The highroad up to Calvary
  Was blotted from the land;
Where Judas hid, the jackal cries
  By thorn-cursed drifts of sand.

But that poor road the felons went—
  How fair it now appears,
Smoothed wide by myriads penitent
  And flower-set by their tears!

The Blessed Road
CHARLES BUXTON GOING

There was the true light, even the light which lighteth every man.

Out of the dark we come, nor know
Into what outer dark we go.
Wings sweep across the stars at night,
Sweep and are lost in flight,
And down the star-strewn windy lanes the sky
I empty as before the wings went by.

We dare not lift our eyes, lest we should see
The utter quiet of eternity;
So, in the end, we come to this:
Christ-Mary's kiss.

We cannot brook the wide sun's might,
We are alone and chilled by night;
We stand, atremble and afraid,
Upon the small worlds we have made;
Fearful, lest all our poor control
Should turn and tear us to the soul;
A dread, lest we should be denied
The price we hold our ragged pride;
So in the end we cast them by
For a gaunt cross against the sky.

To those who question is the fine reward
Of the brave heart who fights with broken sword
In the dark night against an unseen enemy;
There is not any hope of victory.
While sweat is sweet and earthly ways and toil,
The touch of shoulders, scent of new-turned soil,
Striving itself amid the thrusting throng,
And love that comes with white hands strong;
But on itself the long path turns again,
To find at length the hill of pain.

Such only do we know and see;
Starlight and evening mystery,
Sunlight on peaks and dust-red plain,
Thunder and the quick breath of rain,

Stirring of fields and all the lovely things
That season after season brings;
Young dawn and quiet night
And the earth's might.
But all our wisdom and our wisdom's plan
End in the lonely figure of a Man.

Via Crucis
MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT

Seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame.

They took the good Lord Christ, with staves
  On the night before He died;
They baited Him with taunts and jeers,
  Until the angels cried,
But we—smug citizens of earth,
  We are not satisfied.

They haled the good Lord Christ to court,
  On trumped-up charges all;
They cheated Him of every right,
  To bring about His fall.
'Tis so to-day, for Greed and Fraud
  Make Hell's high carnival.

They scourged the good Lord Christ with whips,
  Till blood dripped to the floor;
They crowned Him with a wreath of thorns
  That cut and cruelly tore.
But we, for whom He suffered all,
  We laugh, and call for "More!"

They placed a cross on the Lord Christ's back
  No human strength could bear;
They kicked and cuffed and goaded Him,
  To drive Him to despair.
Yet had we been there by the road,
  We'd but have stopped to stare.

They nailed the cross to a gallows-tree,
  And stripped Him of His gown;
Before His blood-filmed eyes there stood
  The whole revengeful town.
And many carry still to-day
  That selfsame, angry frown.

The good Lord Christ died in His blood,
  On a hill that bitter day:
But we—we crucify Him still,
  In every sinful way.
O Citizens of all the world,
  Kneel down, and let us pray!

Ballad of Christ Crucified
J. Corson Miller

And he left them, and went forth out of the city to Bethany, and lodged there.

The last week—the lone week—
  Each weary evenfall,
The Master climbed the hill road,
  Between the cedars tall.

Among the whispering cedars,
  The olives grey and dim,
The Master sought the one door
  That was not closed to Him.

And always at the last turn
  He saw the little light,
That Mary's hand had set there,
  To guide Him through the night.

So, for a love-lit candle
  That made the way less bleak,
The Master climbed the hill road,
  The last lone week.

The Road to Bethany
HARRY LEE

V

CHRIST TRIUMPHANT

And they shall kill him,
and the third day he shall be raised up.

It was a night of calls and far replies,
A night of trembling for that Serpent head
In gulfs that were before the eldest dead—
A night of whispering haste along the skies,
Prayer, and a wondering down of seraph eyes;
While stilled Jerusalem, washed in the moon's light,
Lay like a brood of sepulchers, ghost-white.

The dark was dying silverly, that strange,
Still hour when Earth is falling toward the day—
That hour of spacious silence and delay
When all things poise upon the hinge of change.
The guardsmen had grown silent on their round,
Their fire was sinking, when a crash of sound—
Darkness—a reel of Earth—a rush of light—
Cleft rocks—then scent of aloes on the night!

Their faces turned to faces of the dead,
Their spears fell clamoring terribly as they fled.
And He stood risen in the guarded place,
With empire in his gesture—on his face

The hush of muted music and the might
That drew the stars down on the ancient night.

Tall in the first-light, mystical and pale,
He stood as one who dares and cannot fail,
As some high conscript of the Bright Abodes,
As one still called to travel on wild roads
In Love's divine adventure—his white face
Hushed with heroic purpose for the race;
Yet wistful of the men who should deny Him,
And wistful of the years that should belie Him.

With peace of heart the blind world could not break,
He took a path the young leaves keep awake.
Glad of the day come back and loving all,
He passed across the morning, felt the cool,
Sweet, kindling air blown upward from the pool.
A burning bush was reddening by the wall;
An oleander bough was full of stirs,
Struck by the robes of unseen messengers.

The hills broke purpling, as the sun's bright edge
Pushed slowly up behind a rocky ledge:
The hovering dome of the Temple, gray and cold,
Burned out with sudden, unexpected gold.
A light wind silvered up the olive slope,
And all the world was wonder and wild hope!

The Garden of the Sepulcher
EDWIN MARKHAM

Said I not unto thee, that, if thou believedst,
thou shouldst see the glory of God?

Christ said to Martha by her brother's grave,
"I am the resurrection and the life—
And with what troubled thoughts her mind was rife!
The life, He said, and yet He freely gave
His life, and saving others would not save
Himself. The resurrection? Chuza's wife
Had seen Him in the tomb—at end was strife,
And o'er her anguish swept, a mighty wave.
And yet her firm assurance kept her faith,
And her reply, the fervent I believe,—
Had not His voice raised Lazarus from death,
Had not the grave released its four days' prey?
A foretaste of the resurrection day
She had to bid her wait, and not to grieve.

Martha
CAROLINE HAZARD

Father, forgive them;
for they know not what they do.

I was a Roman soldier in my prime;
Now age is on me and the yoke of time.
I saw your Risen Christ, for I am he
Who reached the hyssop to Him on the tree;
And I am one of two who watched beside
The Sepulcher of Him we crucified.

All that last night I watched with sleepless eyes;
Great stars arose and crept across the skies.
The world was all too still for mortal rest,
For pitiless thoughts were busy in the breast.
The night was long, so long, it seemed at last
I had grown old and a long life had passed.
Far off, the hills of Moab, touched with light,
Were swimming in the hollow of the night.
I saw Jerusalem all wrapped in cloud,
Stretched like a dead thing folded in a shroud.

Once in the pauses of our whispered talk
I heard a something on the garden walk.
Perhaps it was a crisp leaf lightly stirred--
Perhaps the dream-note of a waking bird.
Then suddenly an angel burning white
Came down with earthquake in the breaking light,
And rolled the great stone from the Sepulcher,
Mixing the morning with a scent of myrrh.
And lo, the Dead had risen with the day:
The Man of Mystery had gone his way!

Years have I wandered, carrying my shame;
Now let the tooth of time eat out my name.
For we, who all the wonder might have told,
Kept silence, for our mouths were stopt with gold.

A Guard of the Sepulcher
EDWIN MARKHAM

Jesus saith unto her, Mary!

At dawn she sought the Saviour slain,
To kiss the spot where He had lain
And weep warm tears, like spring-time rain;

When lo, there stood, unstained of death,
A man that spoke with low sweet breath;
And "Master!" Mary answereth.

From out the far and fragrant years
How sweeter than the songs of seers
That tender offering of tears!

Mary Magdalen
RICHARD BURTON

She turneth and saith unto him, Rabboni, which is to say, Teacher.

Rabboni, in the garden sweet
Kneel I enraptured at Thy feet.
Thyself transfigured walkest here.
Might such a change in me appear!
Shall death alone illumine me?
Nay, Soul, that were a travesty.
Only living man can praise;
Then touch me with Thy living rays.

Rabboni
BARBARA PEATTIE ERSKINE

Mary Magdalene cometh and telleth the disciples,
I have seen the Lord.

She brake the box, and all the house was filled
With waftures from the fragrant store thereof,
While at His feet a costlier rose distilled
The bruisèd balm of penitential love.

And lo, as if in recompense of her,
Bewildered in the lingering shades of night,
He breaks anon the sealèd sepulcher,
And fills the world with rapture and with light.

The Recompense
J. B. Tabb

And your heart shall rejoice,
and your joy no one taketh away from you.

What though the Flowers in Joseph's Garden grew
Of rarest perfume and of fairest hue,
That morn when Magdalene hastened through
Its fragrant, silent paths?

She caught no scent of budding almond tree;
Her eyes, tear-blinded still from Calvary,
Saw neither lily nor anemone—
Naught save the Sepulcher.

But when the Master whispered "Mary," lo!
The Tomb was hid; the Garden all ablow;
And burst in bloom the Rose of Jericho—
From that day "Mary's Flower."

The Sepulcher in the Garden
JOHN FINLEY

Was not our heart burning within us,
while he spake to us in the way?

Triumphant morn whose first ray had such might
That Life and Love, which passed beyond the ken
And ministering care of mortal men,
Upon this holy day could reunite!
O Blessed sun, which saw the wondrous sight,
The glad rebirth of primal time, as when
The radiant sons of morn in thousands ten
Rejoiced at that great word, Let there be light.
The first word when the tomb was newly rent
Was to a grieving woman gently said;
With two sad men He walked, the day far spent,
And how their heavy hearts within them burned
As comforted into the inn they turned,
And He was known to them in breaking bread!

Easter
CAROLINE HAZARD

I ascend unto my Father and your Father,
and my God and your God.

In the gray dawn they left Jerusalem,
And I rose up to follow after them.
He led toward Bethany by the narrow bridge
Of Kedron, upward to the olive ridge.
Once on the camel path beyond the City,
He looked back, struck at heart with pain and pity—
Looked backward from the two lone cedar trees
On Olivet, alive to every breeze—
Looked in a rush of sudden tears, and then
Went steadily on, never to turn again.

Near the green quiets of a little wood
The Master halted silently and stood.
The figs were purpling, and a fledgling dove
Had fallen from a windy bough above,
And lay there crying feebly by a thorn,
Its little body bruisèd and forlorn.
He stept aside a moment from the rest
And put it safely back into the nest.

Then mighty words did seem to rise in Him
And die away; even as white vapors swim
A moment on Mount Carmel's purple steep,
And then are blown back rainless to the deep.
And once He looked up with a little start:
Perhaps some loved name passed across his heart,
Some memory of a road in Galilee,
Or old familiar rock beside the Sea.

And suddenly there broke upon our sight
A rush of angels terrible with light—
The high same host the Shepherds saw go by,
Breaking the starry night with lyric cry—
A rush of angels, wistful and aware,
That shook a thousand colors on the air—
Colors that made a music to the eye—
Glories of lilac, azure, gold, vermilion,
Blown from the air-hung delicate pavilion.

And now his face grew bright with luminous will:
The great grave eyes grew planet-like and still.
Yea, in that moment, all his face, fire-white,
Seemed struck out of imperishable light.
Delicious apprehension shook his spirit,
With song so still that only the heart could hear it.
A sense of something sacred, starry, vast,
Greater than earth, across his spirit passed.

Then with a stretching of his hands to bless,
A last unspeakable look that was caress,
Up through the vortice of bright cherubim
He rose until the august form grew dim—
Up through the blue dome of the day ascended,
By circling flights of seraphim befriended.
He was uplifted from us, and was gone
Into the darkness of another dawn.

The Ascension
EDWIN MARKHAM

He that believeth on the
Son hath eternal life.

O Thou that in the deepness of the night
Beholdest me;
Captain of Kings, invisible and dight
With mystery:
Thou that art death, and ridest on a sword;
Thou that art love, upon a cross adored;
Thou that art life, and life eternal, Lord,
I kneel to thee.

I am as yonder taper on thy shrine,
Late-lit and tall;
My spirit bows with every breath that thine
Here letteth fall:
The flickering world is witched and turned and trolled;
And oh, my heart is wax, that once was bold;
I perish straightway save that thou uphold;
Thou that art all.

. . . . . .

Give me the steps that unto Heaven's blue
Steeply aspire;
Lift me with song, and all my thoughts imbue
With spirit fire:
Mine be the mold and measure of a man;
Let me be strong, O Lord, to build thy plan,
But lest I fail, let me be greater than
My heart's desire.

It is the morrow, Lord, the sweet airs blow
Up the long nave,
And plight the day's full troth, yet . . . ere I go,
One thing I crave:
Thou that art death, and ridest on a sword:
Thou that art love, upon a cross adored;
Thou that art life, and life eternal, Lord,
Let me be brave!

The Vigil-at-Arms
BENJAMIN R. C. LOW

The two disciples . . . followed Jesus . . . and saw where he abode; and they abode with him that day.

That day with Jesus! Who can guess
All that it meant of blessedness?
I sigh, "Oh, that I had been there
To hear his words, his voice in prayer;
To see the shining of his face
And feel his touch of heavenly grace—
To wear in memory for aye
The halo-crown for that one day!"

"Oh, eyes so holden, not to see,"
The Master seems to say to me,
"Your heart is now my dwelling-place
Where you may look upon my face

And feel my Spirit's life and light,
Closer than touch, clearer than sight
Lo, I abide with you alway,—
Not only one, but every day."

That Day
JULIA H. THAYER

Have I been so long time with you,
and dost thou not know me, Philip?
He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.

Down the road to Bethany,
Master, it is good to be
Walking as of old with Thee!

All the birds are on the wing,
Master. How they gladly sing—
Thee in worship welcoming!

Doth the robin redbreast know
How our hearts were sad with woe,
But a little while ago?

Master, Philip never knew
That the sky could be so blue
Over all these drops of dew.

See, the blossoms are so big
Burning on the date and fig—
Like a torch is every twig.

Jesu, I must here confess
When alone you trod the press,
I was full of bitterness;

Now this morning I divine,
Where the crimson creepers twine
Comes the Kingdom, Master mine—

Comes the Kingdom to that heart
Thrilling, as I thrill and start
Just to see the petals part;

Just to hear the little wren,
Rising from the distant fen,
Praise you, master of all men.

In this sunny morning place,
Now I know that God's pure grace
Glows on every human face,

As it glows in yonder tree,
Vine and vineyard; and I see
Heaven has come to Galilee!

After this I'll never waste
Tears on sorrow. With what haste
God comes in an apple's taste!

With what rush of rapture God
Pours, like rain upon the sod,
Where the scarlet runners nod!

God is here and God is there—
On the mountain bleak and bare,
In the valley; and I swear,

Master, by the sacrament
Of your blood for sinners spent,
After this to be content.

Since I saw You crucified,
All the doors are open wide
On this early April tide—

All the doors of happiness
Strange that when You trod the press,
I was full of bitterness!

Master, it will not be long
Till the weak have been made strong
In a world of love and song.

Man will make the angels hear
Through the sky so crystal clear,
How love cast forth hate and fear.

By the brightness of this hour,
Mine is resurrection power—
Master, take from me this flower.

Philip To Christ
ROBERT NORWOOD

It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing.

What cry of peach blossoms
let loose on the air to-day
I heard with my face thrown
in the pink-white of it all?
in the red whisper of it all?

What man I heard saying:
"Christ, these are beautiful!"

And Christ and Christ was in his mouth,
over these peach blossoms?

Peach Blossoms
CARL SANDBURG
From *Smoke and Steel*—Harcourt, Brace and Howe

I am the Resurrection and the Life.

Though I have watched so many mourners weep
O'er the real dead, in dull earth laid asleep—
Those dead seemed but the shadows of my days
That passed and left me in the sun's bright rays.
Now though you go on smiling in the sun
Our love is slain, and love and you were one.
You are the first, you I have known so long,
Whose death was deadly, a tremendous wrong.
Therefore I seek the faith that sets it right
Amid the lilies and the candle-light.
I think on Heaven, for in that air so clear

We two may meet, confused and parted here.
Ah, when man's dearest dies, 'tis then he goes
To that old balm that heals the centuries' woes.
Then Christ's wild cry in all the streets is rife:—
"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

The Hope of the Resurrection
VACHEL LINDSAY

While he blessed them, he parted from them, and was carried up into heaven.

That He might better of Love's mystery tell
Into a lonely mountain they withdrew,
Day's golden fire cooled in deep wells of dew
About His Head with softened splendor fell;
And in each heart that heard the last farewell
A quickening joy and deepening sorrow grew,
And all were hushed—even the doubtful knew
His was the power of Heaven and of Hell.

When He had ceased, a mighty wind rushed by
From far beyond the sunset's cloudless rim,
And over them a glory seemed to bend;
Then like a star He rose into the sky,
Sadly they watched the glowing light grow dim
And heard the echoes ring, "Until the End."

The Parting
THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

From *Sonnets of the Cross*
—Society of St. Peter and St. Paul, London

To behold the beauty of Jehovah.

Now am I too come even unto Bethlehem
There to be born again in the shadow of my Lord.

Now I am too come even unto Calvary
There to taste the mighty wine for me outpoured.

Now am I risen again out of hours dark as death,
Risen to wear a living faith as Christ His person wore.

It is enough. O Jesu, never a miracle
Could move me more than this Thy beauty to adore!

Miracles
MARGUERITE WILKINSON

In the name of Jesus every knee should bow.

What would we do if Shakespeare should enter the door,—
The world's great lover?
As soon as his shadow darkened upon the floor,
We would rise and uncover.

But what would we do if another should enter there—
The Truth's Defender?
We would know that He came, bringing celestial air:
We would kneel and surrender!

The Man from the Cross
EDWIN MARKHAM

And must Thou, too, follow their little fame,
Christ of Golgotha and Gethsemane,
Is all the beauty of thy spirit shame,
When men can murder in thy gentle name
And raise thy cross to shelter blasphemy?
Blasphemy of God and thou His messenger,
To drone in churches to their perfumed pews
Empty hosannas on the Christmas morn
When in vile brothels and in shameless stews
Some acknowledged, birth-cursed Christ is born
Of some sad madonna whom the good folk scorn.

Not in the far-off and lonely Bethlehems
Is that low manger in the naked shed;
Not by the walls of dead Jerusalems
Lies the scarred body and the weary head;
But here, each day, with hands that clasp and cling,
With faces stained by foul disease and shame,
With bodies bowed beneath the cross they bring,
Walk the sad Christs hungering and lame.

Here on the western horizon a waiting people lies,
Born of the centuries' travail, swaddled in prophecies,
Sprung from the loins of Europe, flushed with the strength of youth;
Lead us, O Christ, to know thee in spirit and in truth.

Not through the empty mazes of old theology,
Hiding thy simple message in intricate words,
Throning thee in the heavens, turning your life to a creed,
You who knew as a brother the call of a brother's need,
Who knew the glory of serving, of facing with fearless eyes
The shame of a dead religion's charneled hypocrisies,
And drove in thy flaming anger with a whip of knotted cord
The shrinking slaves from the Temple, who buy and sell their Lord.

Come to us, O Jesus, come as you came of yore
When you walked with Andrew and Peter by the Galilean shore,
And called to the young men fishing, as I to the hearts of men,
Is it strange that the loving Jesus should wander his world again?

Out of the daily sacrifice of the mother for her children,
Out of the tender love of the father who faces a certain death that his little ones may live,
Out of the wisdom of old people who see more than their grandchildren see,
Out of the innocent questions of babies, and the beautiful strength of young men,

Out of the purity of young girls and the wide-eyed wonder of their dreams,
Out of the deep love of comrades who never tell their love,
Out of all that is true and strong and divine in the weakest and most sinful,
I will lead the hearts of men to know the real Jesus,
The lover of men and of women and of little children,
The interpreter of all the loveliness of earth and of a life not lived alone;
And in America I shall found for him a new and everlasting kingdom,
The kingdom of human love in the democracy of kindness;
And then with the voice of thanksgiving and with the sound of world-rejoicing
We shall cry aloud—all of us—new-found comrades and lovers,
"Christ is not dead!
He liveth and worketh in common with God the Father,
And his dwelling-place is in the homely heaven of the human heart!"

Passages from *An Ode for a New Christmas*
WILLARD WATTLES

I am the way,
and the truth,
and the life.

I

"Against my second coming,"
Christ the Lord hath said,
"Provide with driven thunder
The nations for my bed,
Make plain the path before me
With lightning from the skies
When unbelief shall open
And all the dead arise.

II

"With patience beyond wisdom
And knowledge beyond grace
I have prepared my peoples
At last to bear my face;
By many intimations
The final truth is known,
And all the lone discover
They never were alone.

III

"Against my second coming,"
The good Lord Jesus saith,
"Ten million young men lightly
Shall charge the gates of death,

Until, grown still with wonder,
They know how far they came
Through many habitations
Eternally the same.

IV

"Behold, I knit the nations
With instant words of light,
And on the clouds of heaven
My winged feet are bright;
Beneath the seas I smite them,
And through the mountain's core
The splendor of my coursers
Escapes the granite door.

V

"The shining page my hillside,
I need no special sea,
For fishing-boats are paper,
And oceans, Galilee.
I walk no more among you
On brown and lovely feet,
But yet my hand is on you,
And still my lips are sweet.

VI

"My perfect consummation
Ye cannot put aside,

I am the living Jesus
  Who will not be denied;
The moment of your anguish,
  When all seemed dead but death,
I drew you to my bosom," . . .
  The good Lord Jesus saith.

"Against My Second Coming."
WILLARD WATTLES

Thou seest that faith wrought with his works, and by works was faith made perfect.

My faith is all a doubtful thing,
  Wove on a doubtful loom,
Until there comes, each showery spring,
  A cherry tree in bloom;

And Christ, who died upon a tree
  That death had stricken bare,
Comes beautifully back to me,
  In blossoms everywhere.

Symbol
DAVID MORTON
From *Ships in Harbor*—G. P. Putnam's Sons

VI

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

And we have believed and know
that thou art the Holy One of God.

If Jesus Christ is a man—
And only a man,—I say
That of all mankind I cleave to him
And to him will I cleave alway.

If Jesus Christ is a god,—
And the only God,—I swear
I will follow Him through heaven and hell,
The earth, the sea, and the air!

The Song of a Heathen
(Sojourning in Galilee, A.D. 32)
RICHARD WATSON GILDER

For to me to live is Christ.

How long have you been waiting? Not so long?
I'm glad of that. You found the place at once.
Well, there's the Campus Martius, when you're there
You see above this Collis Hortulorum,
A good place for two men like us to meet:
Here's where luxurious souls have their abodes.
That's Sallust's garden there. They do not care
So much about us as some others do.
There is a tolerance comes from being rich,
An urbane soul is fashioned by a villa.
Our faith is not to these a wicked thing,
A deadly superstition as some deem it.
But, Mark, my son, there's Rome below you there—
What temples, arches, under the full moon!

Here let us sit beside this chestnut tree,
And while the soft wind blows out of the sea
Let's finish up our talks. You must know all
Wherewith to write the story ere I die
Beneath the wrath of Nero. See that light,
Faint like a little candle—I passed there.
That's one of our poor men, they make us lamps
Wherewith to light the streets and Nero's gardens.
We shall be lamps they'll wish to snuff in time.
We met to-night at one Silvanus' house.
And I was telling them about the night
When in Gethsemane you followed Him,
Having a cloth about your naked body.
And how you laid hold on him, left the cloth
And fled. But when you write this, you can say
"A certain young man," leaving out your name,
You may not wish to have it known 'twas you
Who ran away, as I would like to hide
How I fell into sleep and failed to watch,
And afterwards declared I knew Him not:
But as for me, omit no thing. The world
Will gain by seeing me rise out of weakness
To strength, and out of fear to boldness. Time
Has wrought his wonders in me, I am rock,
Let hell beat on me, I shall stand from now.

Then don't forget the first man that he healed.
There's deep significance in this, my son,
That first of all He'd take an unclean spirit
And cast it out. Then second was my mother
Cured of her fever, just as you might say:

Be rid of madness, things that tear and plague,
Then cool you of the fever of vain life.
But don't forget to write how he would say
"Tell no man of this," say that and no more.
Though I may think he said it lest the crowds
That followed him would take his strength for healing,
And leave no strength for words, let be and write
"Tell no man of this" simply. For you see
These madmen quieted, these lepers cleaned
Had soon to die, all now are dead, perhaps.
And with them ends their good. But what he said
Remains for generations yet to come, with power
To heal and heal. My son, preserve your notes,
Of what I've told you, even above your life.
Make many copies lest one script be lost.
I shall not to another tell it all
As I have told it you.

But as for me
What merit have I that I saw and said
"Thou art the Christ"? One sees the thing he sees.
That is a matter of the eye—behold
What is the eye?

. . . . . .

Let's think of eyes this way:
The lawyers said there's nothing in this fellow.
His family beheld no wonder in him.
Have Mary Magdalen and I invented
These words, this story?—who are we to do so,—

A fallen woman and a fisherman!
Or did this happen? Did we see these things?
Did Mary see him risen and did I?

. . . . . .

No, Mark, my son, this is the truth, so write,
Preserve this story taken from my lips.
My work is almost done. Rome is the end
Of all my labors, I have faith The Eye
Will give me other eyes for other worlds!

Why should I not believe this? Not all seasons
Are for unfolding. In the winter time
You cannot see the miracle of birth,
Of germinating seeds, of blossoming.
Why not then that one time for seeing Death
Go up like mist before the rising sun?
And in this single instance of our Lord
Arising from the grave, see all men rise,
And all men's souls discovered in his soul,
That quality and essence, strength made clear?
And why not I the seer of these things?
Why should there be another and not I?
And I declare to you that untold millions
In centuries untold will live and die
By these words which you write, as I have told
them.
And nation after nation will be moulded,
As heated wax is moulded, by these words.
And spirits in their inmost power will feel
Change and regeneration through them—well, what
then?

Do you say God is living, that this world,
These constellations move by law, that all
This miracle of life and light is held
In harmony, and that the soul of man
Moves not in order, but that it's allowed
To prove an anarch to itself, sole thing
That turns upon itself, sole thing that's shown
The path that leads no whither? is allowed
To feed on falsehood? that it's allowed
To wander lawless to its ruin, fooled
By what it craves, by what it feels, by eyes
That swear the truth of what they see? by words
Which you will write from words I have affirmed?
And do you say that Life shall prove the foe
Of life, and Law of law? Or do you say
The child's eyes see reality which see
The poppy blossoms or the mother's breast,
And this Rome and these stars do not exist
Because the child's eyes cannot compass them,
And get their image? Shall we trust our vision
Mounting to higher things, or only trust
Those things which all have seen except the souls
Who have not soared, or risen to the gift
Of seeing what seemed walking trees grow clear
As men or angels? No, it cannot be.
Man's soul, the chiefest flower of all we know,
Is not the toy of Malice or of Sport.
It is not set apart to be betrayed,
Or gulled to its undoing, left to dash
Its hopeless head against this rock's exception,

No water for its thirst, no Life to feed it,
No law to guide it, though this universe
Is under Law, no God to mark its steps,
Except the God of worlds and suns and stars,
Who loves it not, loves worlds and suns and stars,
And them alone, and leaves the soul to pass
Unfathered—lets me have a madman's dream
And gives it such reality that I
Take fire and light the world, convincing eyes
Left foolish to believe. It cannot be . . .

Go write what I have told you, come what will
I am going to the catacombs to pray.

The Gospel of Mark
EDGAR LEE MASTERS

He that loveth his life shall lose it;
but he that hateth his life in this world
shall keep it unto life eternal.

The lengthening shadows of the cedar trees
Have blended into twilight, and the sun
Has plunged in glorious gold precipitance
Beyond the dim crest of the western hills,
Bearing with it the day's disquietudes;
And now the stars, that lamp the feet of God,
Are lighted, and night's purple silences
Steal gently round me fraught with memories.

'Twas such an hour as this—long, long ago
Yet seeming yesterday—he came to me,
My little son, in joyous travail born
Out there across the hills in Bethlehem,

Where we who journeyed southward to be taxed—
Strangers in our own father's land—had found
No shelter in the crowded khan, and shared,
Perforce, a grotto with the stabled kine.

Ah, how it all comes back again to me!
The court-yard, in the flickering torchlight, filled
With huddled trav'lers sleeping 'neath the sky,
The kneeling camels of a caravan,
The patient asses dozing by the wall,
A smell of roasting meat at little fires,
The shouts of melon-sellers, the low drone
Of reverend elders bending at their prayers,
Barking of street-dogs, porters' blasphemies,
The laughter of a girl, the mellow flute
Of some rapt lover, and the tinkling tune
Of sheep-bells forward moving through the dark.
And then the hour supreme, wherein my soul
Clomb the dark pinnacles of pain, and death
Grappled with life through whirling æoned years,
But fled at length and left the Miracle.

They laid him there beside me on the hay,
A wee pink being in his world's first sleep;
My arm was round about him and his breath
Was warm with life on my exultant breast,
And they whose wingèd watch is set to keep
Ward in the valley lands of Heaven looked down
Not up that night to find their Paradise.
All weak with labor and soul's happiness
I lay beneath the sapphire tent of skies,

And in my heart I made a little prayer
Of thanks that flew up to the throne of God
On swift dove pinions of unuttered song;
And as I prayed, lo, upon loops of stars
Night's velvet curtainings were lifted up,
A wondrous light turned all the world to rose,
And down the skies swept singing seraphim
In mighty echoes of my little prayer.

Oh, can it be that threescore years have marched
In troubled caravan across the waste
Of desert life since then, and can it be
That I, who sit here in mine eventide,
White with the snows of sorrow and of time,
Was once a bright tressed girl who heard the choirs
Of Heaven rejoice that she had borne a son?
Why, I can feel that little heart beat still
Close to my own, the touch of little hands
Warm and caressing on this withered breast;
Still I can hear the first low wail that marked
His woe's beginning and the tortured path
That he should tread in mighty gentleness,
With pain and anguish, 'til His love supreme
And terrible meekness, overcoming death,
Should lead Him conqueror to sit with God,
Pleading for sinful men in Paradise.

To-day I stole into the synagogue
And heard a rabbi read the sacred scroll:
How that my lord, Isaiah, said of old,
Thy Maker is thy husband, he hath called thee

As a forsaken woman, spirit grieved;
God, for a little moment hides His face
From thee, but with His loving kindness soon
And tender mercies, shall He gather thee.
Then was I comforted, and peace displaced
The turmoil in my heart, and minded me
Of that great promise Gabriel bore from God
And the immeasurable fruitage of His word,
The life and death and glory of my son.

So in the shades of life and night I sit,
Under the sheltering arbor of the dark
That curves above, vined o'er with trellised stars,
Waiting my spirit bridegroom, and the sound
Of that loved voice—long silent save in dreams—
Calling across the vibrant firmament,
O Mary, Mother Mary, come to Me.

Mused Mary in Old Age
GEORGE M. P. BAIRD

The hour cometh, that whosoever killeth you shall think that he offered service unto God.

The monarch looked out from his throne
Where the Bosphorus blends with the Horn,
And he saw how at evening and morn
The people would prayerfully bow
To figures of bronze and of stone;
And he cried, as he smote on his brow,

"They worship the image alone;
Forgot is the Godhead behind.
Their prayers are but words on the wind
That hither and thither are blown."

Then an edict went forth from the south
To the north of the empire afar,
And a herald with clamorous mouth
Proclaimed it in hamlet and town,
Till the folk as by rumors of war
Were stirred, or by famine and drouth,
For from niche and from altar and shrine
The Christ and the Virgin divine
Must be cast desecratingly down.

So rage slumbered hot in the heart
In Constantine's city, the old;
And murmurs waxed loud in the mart
And the tongues of the people grew bold.
But the monarch was firm; and the more,
When he heard of the stir in the state,
Was his spirit alert and elate,
And naught in his rashness sufficed
But to cry to the guard at the door,
"Thou knowest the image of Christ
Surmounting the palace's gate,
Go thou, take thy weapon and smite,
In the emperor's name and the right!"

The guardsman was pallid with fear,
For he knew how the Christ was adored,

But he only could bow and obey,
Passing forth on his perilous way
With his hand gripping tight on his sword.
By the gate was a woman in prayer,
Who, when she beheld his intent,
Cried loud to the heralding air,
Till there gathered around her a score.
There were crones in decrepitude bent,
And mothers, and maids who were fair,
To beg and beseech and implore.
But he gave little heed to their cries
For he dreaded the emperor's ire;
He saw not the light in their eyes,
The baleful and dangerous fire.
The ladder was scaled, and his hand
Uplifted the merciless brand;
A glimmer of steel and a blow,
And the image fell clanging below
In the midst of the sorrowful band.

In a moment their grief was forgot,
And a frenzy possessed them instead.
Afar from the doom-fated spot
Would the terrified guardsman have fled;
But they seized him in madness, and tore
His limbs in their maniac might,
And dabbled their hands in his gore,
And shouted in eager delight
That Christ was avenged evermore.

A tale of the shadowy past
Obscured by the mists of the years,

Where, down all the distance, one hears
Fanatical echoes of strife.
Oh, why, from the first to the last,
Should His name, that the spirit reveres,
Be blent with the clashing of spears
Where frenzy and slaughter are rife!

Love, love was the creed that He taught,
And peace, perfect peace, everywhere;
The past that is dead is as naught,
The present and future are fair.
Could we but see over the tomb
The flowers of Christ's tenderness bloom,
Grand, grand were the ages to come,
For the voices of strife would be dumb!

The Bronze Christ
CLINTON SCOLLARD

Unto them that are called, both Jews and Greeks,
Christ, the power of God, and the wisdom of God.

So long, so long ago I had been slain
By blindness malice-led, I scarce could tell
What soul it was that trod in weary pain
The vestibule of hell.

Only at times a sick dream came to me
That once I had been Baldur and erstwhile
The gods in heaven had rejoiced to see
The glory of my smile.

In the Dim Country's languor I had lost
  The way of smiling, and all genial words
Fell dumb at the near breath of Hela's frost
  Like winter-smitten birds.

In that gray land of failure, we who died
  Inglorious deaths, nourished our shadowy shame.
Meeting we turned our downward gaze aside
  Before the Stranger came.

Across our hush I heard his quick feet ring,
  For like a warrior fresh from fight he trod.
I looked him in the eyes, remembering
  That I had been a god—

Remembering that promise of a throne
  Upon the ashes of the burnt-out earth,—
A perfect kingdom rising all mine own
  From worthlessness to worth.

. . . . . .

A sudden laughter shook the still dank air
  Like the clear causeless laughter of a child.
Over the dusky meadows, bleak and bare,
  All the Dim Country smiled,

And one went singing in the gloom—"Behold,
  Baldur comes down to the dishonored dead.
What, shall we find the ways too murk and cold
  That the Bright God can tread?

"Here in this land of dreams that are no more
And spent desires, he laughs,—and in his eyes
In forms more glorious than once they bore
We see our dead hopes rise."

"Ashes of earth upon hell's midden cast,
From these," I cried, "shall Baldur build his throne—
But, oh, the wasted ages that I passed
Unknowing and unknown—

"Nay, was I Baldur till I met thine eyes?
Thine be the throne!" But, lo, he was not there,—
Only a wakened world, and a surprise
Of morning in the air.

Baldur in Niflheim
AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

A light for revelation
to the Gentiles.

Before Christ left the Citadel of Light,
To tread the dreadful way of human birth,
His shadow sometimes fell upon the earth
And those who saw it wept with joy and fright.
"Thou art Apollo, than the sun more bright!"
They cried. "Our music is of little worth,
But thrill our blood with thy creative mirth
Thou god of song, thou lord of lyric might!"

O singing pilgrim! who could love and follow
Your lover Christ, through even love's despair.
You knew within the cypress-darkened hollow
The feet that on the mountain are so fair.
For it was Christ that was your own Apollo,
And thorns were in the laurel on your hair.

His Laureate
JOYCE KILMER

There can be neither Jew nor Greek;
for ye are all one man in Christ Jesus.

O Man of my own people, I alone
Among these alien ones can know thy face,
I who have felt the kinship of thy race
Burn in me as I sit where they intone
Thy praises,—those who, striving to make known
A God for sacrifice, have missed the grace
Of thy sweet human meaning in its place,
Thou who art of our blood-bond and our own.

Are we not sharers of thy Passion? Yea,
In spirit-anguish closely by thy side
We have drained the bitter cup, and, tortured, felt
With thee the bruising of the heavy welt.
In every land is our Gethsemane.
A thousand times have we been crucified.

The Jew to Jesus
FLORENCE KIPER FRANK

Whom will ye that I release unto you?
Barabbas, or Jesus who is called Christ?

By what strange whimsies is a man's fate swayed,
I free to go, while he goes to his cross!
I know his life, no evil has he done,
For many a day in towns of Galilee
Have I stood in that crowd that swarmed him round
While his fingers healed the leper with their touch
Or at his word the devils fled away.
And men know my life, all my evil fame—
Now I stand free while he goes there to die!
What was there to this man that Annas feared,
And that dull Roman with his oily face?
He would be king? Nay, rather he would not!
Such men as he would never bind with crowns
And all the stiff seclusion of a throne
Their right to mix with men. Some deeper thought
Lay in that false priest's brain. Could it have been
He feared the words he spake about High God,
About men grown to stature of God's sons,
One brotherhood that banished self from earth?
No priest could gull a race that held such thoughts,
Nor was there place for Pilate in such plan,
Nor for Barabbas! No wonder Annas feared
A world he could not mold for his own gain.
And does he think to end him with a Cross?

Barabbas
William E. Brooks

For I am meek and lowly in heart

I am thinking in terms of lilies ana sparrows
and loaves of bread.
No eagles get into my concept, nor triumphs
nor crowns for the head.
Any chariots? Nay, but crude sandals;
a rocky and dusty road.
He never dreams of gold paved streets,
nor of ways to lighten his load.
Ancestry needn't disturb my mind;
it never is in his thought;
He was born among men, he lived among men;
he shares the common lot.
Companions he finds in the places of toil;
the homes of the sick he makes glad.
He is rich in God's way of being rich;
he blesses the good and the bad.
Ah, he thinks so kindly of things that get lost—
the penny, the sheep, the wild boy—
And when they come back the neighbors are called;
why shouldn't they share in the joy?
No boasting, no frowning, his life is serene;
no wasting of strength in despair;
Never hasting to answer, nor halting in act;
if he waits, that waiting is prayer.
He is king, and his citizens throng at his side,
little children in love with his voice.
He is servant, physician and teacher of men;
he can weep, he can smile or rejoice.

My Mother was gentle and queenly and sweet;
my Father was noble and broad;
It may be that my childhood acquaintance with them
prepared me to understand God.
And the story of Jesus, by simple folk told—
O, tell it again and again!
How he dignifies living and glorifies Earth—
this ideal God among men!

What Think Ye of Christ?
JOHN T. ROBERTS

But when he saw the wind, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried out, saying, Lord, save me.

To-night in sleep there came to me
A dream where Christ walked on the sea
And, shipwrecked, I called out, to hear
His quiet answer "I am near."
But when the waves had risen high
I doubted—till I heard Him cry
"Come take my hand, beloved one,
The long and lonely night is done.
Fear not! and you shall walk with me,
As Peter walked upon the sea."

. . . . .

Who was it called? The night is slow
To answer, but, awake, I know
The clutching terror of the heart

That feels the weed-choked waters part
And, drowning, rears a Christ who stands
With dim-remembered outstretched hands . . .
Who knows if Peter's Christ is mine?
Like Peter, now I ask a sign . . .
If Christ still walks upon the sea—
How calm is dawn on Galilee!

Invocation
FLORENCE KILPATRICK MIXTER

Have I been so long time with you?

Have I been so long time with you, and yet you do not know me
Whose feet you washed, whose bread you broke upon the eager hill,
Was I so unlike the Bridegroom who you said would come in glory
That you wait, and never wonder how my hand is on you still?

You bow the knee, you sip the wine, you breathe my name before me,
You say I called the dead to life, but slept upon a stone—
Have I been so long time with you, and yet you do not know me
Because I laughed and loved you and bade you walk alone?

If I had faith to meet with death and wrest all terror
from him
To prove how far a man may walk who knows from
whence he came,
Do you think the spear could slay my soul or that the
tomb could hold me
Or that I would not come to those who call upon my
name?

I bide my time, I keep my peace, I bind, I loose, I win-
now,
I bear no wounds as witnesses in hands and feet and
side;
I wear instead upon my brow the thorns of your com-
placence,
And through earth's generations my heart is cruci-
fied.

If you were brave, if you were kind, if you had faith
sufficient,
If you believed the things you say, and died to make
them true,
I should not need to come again returning and re-
turning
Through all the lonely centuries and Golgothas for
you.

Yet I am He whom seas obey, who take the wings of
morning,
Whose feet are on the mountain peaks, whose mes-
senger a star—

Have I been so long time with you and yet you do not
know me,
The living God who walks beside and loves you as
you are?

Have I Been So Long Time with You?
WILLARD WATTLES

I know not the man.

A poet lived in Galilee,
Whose mother dearly knew him—
And his beauty like a cooling tree
Drew many people to him.

He loved the speech of simple men
And little children's laughter,
He came—they always came again,
He went—they followed after.

He had sweet-hearted things to say,
And he was solemn only
When people were unkind . . . that day
He would stand there straight and lonely,

And tell them what they ought to do:
"Love other folk," he pleaded,

"As you love me and I love you!"
But almost no one heeded.

A poet died in Galilee,
They stared at him and slew him . . .
What would they do to you and me
If we could say we knew him?

The Poet
WITTER BYNNER

When thou prayest, enter into thine inner chamber—and pray to thy Father who is in secret.

We built a home for you behind the altar,
Will you not come and dwell with us, O Lord?
If you do not like our house we shall not falter;
We will wreck it at your pleasure
And rebuild it to your measure
From its cellar to its summit board on board.

But we heard you left directions how to build it
And we followed them, if so we understood.
We dug a cellar deep in truth and filled it
With the furnace of man's love
That warms all the rooms above,
And we made the frame of planks of service-
wood,—

Then one upon another laid our duties
In a ladder-stairway climbing round on round.
And we packed the rooms with all art's praying
beauties
That hang or stand or swing
So that every lovely thing
That speaks to man of God may there be found.

We cut the windows facing each direction
That we might hear the truth that all men say
And learn the law of your sublime perfection
Which unites in East and West
And in North and South the best,
As all colors blend to make the light of day.

And at the very top we built an attic
With a sliding window open to the sky,
An arrangement of our own and symptomatic
Of our still, subconscious pleading
For some clear convincing leading,
Straight and steady as the birds when they fly.

Now can you think, O Christ, this home is fitted
To house your spirit, lofty and divine?
Or do you find some vital thing omitted?
In your most heavenly grace
O let us see your face,
That hides beneath the bread and in the wine.

Behind the Altar
Louise Edgar Peters

Ye therefore shall be perfect, as
your Heavenly Father is perfect.

Who can surrender to Christ, dividing his best with
the stranger,
Giving to each what he asks, braving the uttermost
danger
All for the enemy MAN? Who can surrender till death
His words and his works, his house and his lands,
His eyes and his heart and his breath?

Who can surrender to Christ? Many have yearned
toward it daily.
Yet they surrender to passion, wildly or grimly or
gaily;
Yet they surrender to pride, counting her precious
and queenly;
Yet they surrender to knowledge, preening their
feathers serenely.

Who can surrender to Christ? Where is the man so
transcendent,
So heated with love of his kind, so filled with the spirit
resplendent
That all the hours of his day his song is thrilling and
tender,
And all of his thoughts to our white cause of peace
Surrender, surrender, surrender?

Where is the Real Non-Resistant?

VACHEL LINDSAY

Jesus, what but the cross could show
How Thou didst live with men below!

Head truly crowned, but with earth's thorn,
As fitting king to anguish born;

Strong arms stretched wide in world-embrace,
To welcome men of every race;

Stripped form of one who gave his all,
Without regretting or recall;

Uplifted high for all to see,
Object of blind men's ribaldry;

Warm life-blood dropping from kind hands
That met all brotherhood's demands,

And from those feet, dust-stained and torn,
That went love's way with each new morn;

Slow-torturing hours that could not bend
Thy thought from others, foe or friend;

In company with men outcast,
Misjudged, rejected to the last!

My Lord! no death but this could show
Thy life lived here with men below.

Behold the Man!
MARY LOWREY BABCOCK

—for Mary hath chosen the good part,
which shall not be taken away from her.

"It was here he used to sit
And here he slept;
And when he heard my brother'd died
I mind how he wept.

"Here was his low bench,
And here his bed,"
To the neighbor women
Martha said.

"He liked the talking,
And he liked more
To sit silently
Looking at the floor."

Martha spoke the neighbors
With pride in her tone.
But Mary in the garden
Was crying alone.

After Easter
MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

VII

THE WORLD'S JESUS

Go ye into all the world, and preach
the gospel to the whole creation.

Out from the doomed Jerusalem, in days of long ago,
By two and two they sallied forth to lands of sun or snow;
And each slow century since then has seen this loyal clan
Break out to bear the blessed news to all the sons of man.

Beside the slim, tall temples, where the tawny rivers run,
They set their tents where shining stars looked down on Babylon.
Through Memphis' linteled gates they passed, and sang a holy psalm,
Where carven gods looked down on them in immemorial calm.

Their bare feet pressed the beaten shore, beneath dark Nubia's cliffs;
They ate the corn from out their scrips, where Karnak's hieroglyphs
Tell how the world's gray mother, dead, beside old Nilus lies,
And held the lifted cross before Assyria's glazing eyes.

Down to imperial Rome they drew, o'er the Campagna's turf,
Nor halted where the rocky shore flung back the roaring surf,
But spread the sails, and, unafraid, across the seething main
Steered where the wild Atlantic lashed the pillared front of Spain.

In single file, on lonely paths, they walked through forests dim,
And stirred the Saxon silence with their solemn matin hymn;
The bloom of Irish primroses fell on their wandering feet,
And heather on the Scottish hills made all their garments sweet.

Beside the stormy Northern capes they taught the Vikings bold
And in the English meadows green the wondrous tale they told;
Amid the cairns, among the oaks, they reared the holy crypt,
And dared to tell of dying Love, where Druid altars dripped.

And still o'er all the earth they fare, where'er a soul has need;
My heart leaps up and calls to them: O Brothers mine! God speed!

What time within the jungle deep ye watch the day-
light die,
Or on some lonely Indian steep see dawn flush all the
sky.

Far is the cry from here to there, yet hearken when
we say:
Ye are the brethren of the Book; in Khartoum or
Cathay,
'Tis ye who make the record good, 'tis ye, O royal
souls!
Who justify the Chronicles, writ in the ancient scrolls.

O Missionaries of the Blood! Ambassadors of God!
Our souls flame in us when we see where ye have
fearless trod
At break of day; your dauntless faith our slackened
valor shames,
And every eve our joyful prayers are jeweled with your
names.

The Missionaries
ROBERT MCINTYRE

That the love wherewith thou lovest me
may be in them and I in them!

What means this waiting throng?
Whence have these weary wayworn wanderers come?
Why rises, in strange tongues, the expectant hum,
Like that tense under-song

The joyful Jordan voices in the spring
Till Hermon hearkens, leaning grandly down,
And wearing still his glimmering snowy crown?
Soon will these murmuring lips with ardor sing,
And soon these lifted faces, wan or brown,
Glow into worship that is rapturing.
Back will be thrown the consecrated door,
And then these feet, from many a distant shore,
Be privileged to press the hallowed floor.

Why they have come,—the hardy mountaineer
From Lebanon's cedars and their checkered shade?
The merchant and the snowy-mantled maid
Who hold great Nilus dear?
Why have they come,—the men with restless eyes
And pallid cheeks that tell of norland skies?
Why have they come,—the Latin and the Greek?
Do pilgrims thus this sanctuary seek
Because 'tis here
For year on forty year
The red earth drank
The deluged blood of Paynim and of Frank?
Or do they surge to see
The antique symmetry
Of springing arch and carven pillar fine,
In this old holy house of Constantine?

Ah, no! ah, no! To them the memory
Of war is not, and monarchs play no part
In any thought that stirs an eager heart.
They have no eyes to see

A single graceful groining. What care they
If here, upon a bygone Christmas-day
The King-Crusader, Baldwin, took his crown!
Or what to them the saint of blest renown
In yonder sepulcher, now crumbling clay!
Their patient feet one precious spot would press,
Their yearning eyes would lovingly caress
The time-dulled silver star
Sunk deep within the pavement, footfall-worn:
"*Here, of the Virgin Mary, Christ was born,*"
They read, these pilgrims who have plodded far.
They read and pass and ponder. Few can see
The tiny chapel and the dim-lit shrine,
And feel no thrill, despite the mummery,
Of something more divine
Within the breast than ever pulsed before.
Then let us pilgrims be
Upon this sacred day we all adore!
Although our mortal feet touch not the floor,
Although our mortal eyes may not behold,
Our spirits may take flight,
And with immortal sight
Stand where the prayerful wise-men stood of old
In ecstasy of adoration, when
They saw the Saviour of the sons of men.

The Christmas Pilgrimage (Bethlehem)
CLINTON SCOLLARD

I cannot put the Presence by, of Him, the Crucified,
Who moves men's spirits with His love as doth the moon the tide;
Again I see the Life He lived, the godlike Death He died.

Again I see upon the cross that great Soul-battle fought,
Into the texture of the world the tale of which is wrought
Until it hath become the woof of human deed and thought,—

And, joining with the cadenced bells that all the morning fill,
His cry of agony doth yet my inmost being thrill,
Like some fresh grief from yesterday that tears the heart-strings still.

I cannot put His presence by, I meet Him everywhere;
I meet Him in the country town, the busy market-square;
The Mansion and the Tenement attest His presence there.

Upon the funneled ships at sea He sets His shining feet;
The Distant Ends of Empire not in vain His Name repeat,—
And, like the presence of a rose, He makes the whole world sweet.

He comes to break the barriers down raised up by
barren creeds;
About the globe from zone to zone, like sunlight He
proceeds;
He comes to give the World's starved heart the per-
fect love it needs,—

The Christ, Whose friends have played Him false,
Whom Dogmas have belied,
Still speaking to the hearts of men—tho' shamed and
crucified,
The Master of the centuries Who will not be denied!

The Voice of Christmas
HARRY KEMP

And the Word became flesh, and
dwelt among us.

On Christmas Eve, so runs the marvellous tale,
Heaven once flashed through her amethystine veil,
And while this raptured earth beheld and heard
Those star-eclipsing choirs, the Eternal Word
Put on our flesh to bear our human bale.

Faint with the sweets such sanctities exhale,
Deep-brooding Doubt lets fall his winnowing flail,
And feels his weary heart divinely stirred
On Christmas Eve.

For sudden lustres play o'er hill and dale,
The silence thrills with music, mothers pale
Smile like Madonnas, and the Christ, unblurred
By mists of time, unslain, unsepulchred,
Life's cup reconsecrates to Holy Grail
On Christmas Eve.

On Christmas Eve
KATHARINE LEE BATES

I press toward the goal unto the prize
of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

If I had been in Palestine
A poor disciple I had been.
I had not risked or purse or limb
All to forsake, and follow Him.
But with the vast and wondering throng
I too had stood and listened long;
I too had felt my spirit stirred
When the Beatitudes I heard.

With the glad crowd that sang the psalm,
I too had sung, and strewed the palm;
Then slunk away in dastard shame
When the High Priest denounced His name.
But when my late companions cried
"Away! let Him be crucified!"
I would have begged, with tremulous
Pale lips, "Release Him unto us!"

Beside the cross when Mary prayed,
A great way off I too had stayed;
Not even in that hour had dared,
And for my dying Lord declared;
But beat upon my craven breast,
And loathed my coward heart, at least,
To think my life I dared not stake
And beard the Romans for His sake.

Judge me, O Lord!
SARAH N. CLEGHORN

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?

I

O man of light and lore!
Do you mean that in our day
The Christ hath passed away;
That nothing now is divine
In the fierce rays that shine
Through every cranny of thought;
That Christ as He once was taught
Shall be the Christ no more?
That the Hope and Saviour of men
Shall be seen no more again;
That, miracles being done,
Gone is the Holy One?
And thus, you hold, this Christ
For the past alone sufficed;

From the throne of the hearts of the world
The Son of God shall be hurled,
And henceforth must be sought
New prophets and kings of thought;
That the tenderest, truest word
The heart of sorrow hath heard
Shall sound no more upon earth;
That he who hath made of birth
A dread and sacred rite;
Who hath brought to the eyes of death
A vision of heavenly light,
Shall fade with our failing faith;—
He who saw in children's eyes
Eternal paradise;
Who made the poor man's lowly
Labor a service holy,
And sweat of work more sweet
Than incense at God's feet;
Who turned the God of Fear
To a Father, bending near;
Who looked through shame and sin
At the sanctity within;
Whose memory, since he died,
The earth hath sanctified—
Hath been the stay and the hold
Of millions of lives untold,
And the world on its upward path
Hath led from crime and wrath;—
You say that this Christ hath passed
And we cannot hold him fast?

II

Ah, no! If the Christ you mean
Shall pass from this time, this scene,
These hearts, these lives of ours,
'Tis but as the summer flowers
Pass but return again,
To gladden the world of men.
For he,—the only, the true,—
In each age, in each waiting heart,
Leaps into life anew.
Tho' he pass, he shall not depart.

Behold him now where he comes!
Not the Christ of our subtle creeds,
But the lord of our hearts, of our homes,
Of our hopes, our prayers, our needs;
The brother of want and blame,
The lover of women and men,
With a love that puts to shame
All passions of mortal ken;—
Yet of all of women born
His is the scorn of scorn;
Before whose face do fly
Lies and the love of a lie;
Who from the temple of God
And the sacred place of laws
Drives forth, with smiting rod,
The herds of ravening maws.

'Tis he, as none other can,
Makes free the spirit of man,

And speaks, in darkest night,
One word of awful light
That strikes through the dreadful pain
Of life, a reason sane—
That word divine which brought
The universe from naught.

Ah, no, thou life of the heart,
Never shalt thou depart!
Not till the leaven of God
Shall lighten each human clod;
Not till the world shall climb
To thy height serene, sublime,
Shall the Christ who enters our door
Pass to return no more.

The Passing of Christ
RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father of lights.

Lord, I am just a little boy
Born one day like You,
And I've got a mother dear
And a birthday too.
But my birthday comes in spring,
When the days are long,
And the robin in the tree
Wakens me with song.

Since the birds are all away,
  Lord, when You are born,
Let Your angels waken me
  On Your birthday morn.

Lord, I'm just a little boy,
  Hidden in the night:
Let Your angels spy me out
  Long before it's light.
I would be the first to wake
  And the first to raise
In this quiet home of ours
  Songs of love and praise.
You shall hear me first, dear Lord,
  Blow my Christmas horn;
Let Your angels waken me
  On Your birthday morn.

A Child's Christmas Song
T. A. Daly

This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.

All these on whom the sacred seal was set,
They could forsake thee while thine eyes were wet.
Brother, not once have I believed in thee,
Yet having seen I cannot once forget.

I have looked long into those friendly eyes,
And found thee dreaming, fragile, and unwise.
Brother, not once have I believed in thee,
Yet have I loved thee for thy gracious lies.

One broke thee with a kiss at eventide,
And he that loved thee well has thrice denied.
Brother, I have no faith in thee at all,
Yet must I seek thy hands, thy feet, thy side.

Behold that John that leaned upon thy breast;
His eyes grew heavy and he needs must rest.
I watched unseen through dark Gethsemane
And might not slumber, for I loved thee best.

Peace thou wilt give to them of troubled mind,
Bread to the hungry, spittle to the blind.
My heart is broken for my unbelief,
But that thou canst not heal though thou art kind.

They asked one day to sit beside thy throne.
I made one prayer, in silence and alone.
Brother, thou knowest my unbelief in thee.
Bear not my sins, for thou must bear thine own.

Even he that grieves thee most "Lord, Lord," he saith,
So will I call on thee with my last breath!
Brother, not once have I believed in thee,
Yet I am wounded for thee unto death.

An Unbeliever
ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

He came and preached peace
to you that were far off.

It is said the Bedouins cry, on the Syrian hills, a clear
Loud summons to War, and the tribes far distant
hearken and hear,
So wondrous rare is the air, so crystal the atmosphere.
Their call is to arms; but One, in the centuries long
ago,
Spake there for Peace, in tones that were marvellous
sweet and low,
And the ages they hear Him yet, and His voice do
the nations know.

On Syrian Hills
RICHARD BURTON

Beloved, let us love one another,
for love is of God.

My father prayed as he drew a bead on the graycoats,
Back in those blazing years when the house was
divided.
Bless his old heart! There never was truer or
kinder;
Yet he prayed, while hoping the ball from his clumsy
old musket
Might thud to the body of some hot-eyed young
Southerner
And tumble him limp in the mud of the Vicksburg
trenches.

That was my father, serving the Lord and his country,
Praying and shooting whole-heartedly,
Never a doubt.
And now what about
Me in my own day of battle?
Could I put my prayers behind a slim Springfield bullet?
Hardly, except to mutter: "Jesus, we part here.
My country calls for my body, and takes my soul also.
Do you see those humans herded and driven against me?
Turn away, Jesus, for I've got to kill them.
Why? Oh, well, it's the way of my fathers,
And such evils bring some vast, vague good to my country.
I don't know why, but to-day my business is killing,
And my gods must be luck and the devil till this thing is over.
Leave me now, Lord. Your eye makes me slack in my duty."
My father could mix his prayers and his shooting,
And he was a rare true man in his generation.
Now, I'm fairly decent in mine, I reckon;
Yet if I should pray like him, I'd spoil it by laughing.
What is the matter?

My Father and I
CHARLES BADGER CLARK, JR.

Christ also suffered, the righteous
for the unrighteous.

They have dressed me up in a soldier's dress,
With a rifle in my hand,
And have sent me bravely forth to shoot
My own in a foreign land.

Oh, many shall die for the fields of their homes,
And many in conquest wild,
But I shall die for the fatherland
That murdered my little child.

How many hundreds of years ago—
The nations wax and cease!—
Did the God of our fathers doom us to bear
The flaming message of peace!

We are the mock and the sport of time!
Yet why should I complain!—
For the Jew that they hung on the bloody cross,
He also died in vain.

The Jewish Conscript (in Russia)
FLORENCE KIPER FRANK

Far be it from me to glory, save
in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.

At the high ridge
Of a wide war-stricken realm
There stands an ancient wooden Christ.

Hollow the tottering image towers,
Eyeless, and rotten, and decrepit there,
His smile a cruel twist.
Within the empty heart of this old Christ
Small stinging insects build their nests;
And iron-hearted soldiers cross themselves
The while they pass
The hollow-hearted figure by.

I think there is no Christ left there
In all those carnage-loving lands
Save only this of hollow wood
With wasp nests
Hiving in its heart.

The Wooden Christ
MARTHA FOOTE CROW

Written before Good Friday, 1917.

I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may be with you forever.

Under our curtain of fire,
Over the clotted clouds,
We charged, to be withered, to reel
And despairingly wheel
When the bugles bade us retire.
From the terrible odds.

As we ebbed with the battle-tide,
Fingers of red-hot steel
Suddenly closed on my side.

I fell, and began to pray.
I crawled on my hands and lay
Where a shallow crater yawned wide;
Then,—I swooned . . .

When I woke it was yet day.
Fierce was the pain of my wound;
But I saw it was death to stir,
For fifty paces away
Their trenches were.
In torture I prayed for the dark
And the stealthy step of my friend
Who, staunch to the very end,
Would creep to the danger-zone
And offer his life as a mark
To save my own.

Night fell. I heard his tread,—
Not stealthy, but firm and serene,
As if my comrade's head
Were lifted from that scene
Of passion and pain and dread;
As if my comrade's heart
In carnage took no part;
As if my comrade's feet
Were set on some radiant street
Such as no darkness could haunt;
As if my comrade's eyes
No deluge of flame could surprise,
No death and destruction daunt,

No red-beaked bird dismay,
Nor sight of decay.
Then in the bursting shells' dim light,
I saw he was clad in white.
For a moment I thought that I saw the smock
Of a shepherd in search of his flock.
Alert were the enemy, too,
And their bullets flew
Straight at a mark no bullet could fail:
For the seeker was tall and his robe was bright;
But he did not flee nor quail.
Instead, with unhurrying stride,
He came,
And, gathering my tall frame,
Like a child in his arms . . .

Again I swooned;
And awoke
From a blissful dream
In a cave by a stream.
My silent comrade had bound my side.
No pain now was mine, but a wish that I spoke,—
A mastering wish to serve this man
Who had ventured through hell my doom to revoke,
As only the truest of comrades can.
I begged him to tell me how best I might aid him,
And urgently prayed him
Never to leave me, whatever betide;
When I saw he was hurt—
Shot through the hands that were clasped in prayer!
Then, as the dark drops gathered there

And fell in the dirt,
The wounds of my friend
Seemed to me such as no man might bear.
Those bullet-holes in the patient hands
Seemed to transcend
All horrors that ever these war-drenched lands
Had known or would know till the mad world's end.
Then suddenly I was aware
That his feet had been wounded, too,
And, dimming the white of his side
A dull stain grew.
"You are hurt, White Comrade!" I cried.
His words I already foreknew:
"These are old wounds," said he,
"But of late they have troubled me."

The White Comrade
ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Let not your heart be troubled,
neither let it be afraid.

Perhaps they had no time to think of Him,
Those comfortable men, when business urged;
And where the dusty whirl of pleasure surged
The memory of His face no doubt grew dim—
But when they turned from safety and content,
Unflinchingly laid by
The tools of their prosperity, and went
To suffer and to die

For just a thought, a disembodied dream
That some call Nothing — when they knew the wrench
Of raveled nerves, the squalor of the trench,
The dying look's reproach, the scarlet steam
Of battle hand to hand—amid that hell
Of agony they looked into the eyes
They had not seen, in days when all was well.
Out of the marsh of death they saw Him rise
In the white robes that gladdened Galilee,
Walking the hot red waves of blood and flame
As long ago He came
To those that laboured on a troubled sea.
And they, who had forgotten Him so long,
Remembered that those wounded hands were strong
And infinitely kind . . .
O Lord of Love! shall we not understand,
Who in our comfort are as grossly blind?
We prosper to the height of our desire—
How should our rich and busy hands require
Aught of the Wounded Hand?
Till comes a day when we are under fire,
Spent, bleeding, stripped of our complacent pride,
And beaten to the last extremity,
Then, a living presence at our side,
White Comrade, we find—Thee!

The White Comrade
AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

We are compassed about with so great
a cloud of witnesses!

Ours is a dark Easter-tide and a scarlet Spring,
But high up at Heaven's gate all the saints sing,
Glad for the great companies returning to their King!

Oh, in youth the dawn's a rose, dusk an amethyst,
All the roads from dusk to dawn, gay they wind and twist—
The old road to Paradise, easy it is missed!

But out on the wet battle-fields, few the roadways wind,
One to grief, one to death, no road that's kind—
The old road to Paradise, plain it is to find!

(Martin in his colonel's cloak, Joan in her mail,
David in his robe and crown—few there be that fail—
Down the road to Paradise they stand to greet and hail!)

Where the dark's a terror-thing, morn a hope doubt-tossed,
Where the lads lie thinking long out in rain and frost,
There they find their God again, long ago they lost!

Where the night comes cruelly, where the hurt men moan,
Where the crushed forgotten ones whisper prayers alone,
Christ along the battle-fields comes to lead His own:

Souls that would have withered soon in the hot world's
glare,
Blown and gone like shrivelled things, dusty on the
air,
Rank on rank they follow Him, young and strong and
fair!

Ours is a sad Easter-tide, and a woeful day,
But high up at Heaven's gate the saints are all
gay,
For the old road to Paradise, that's a crowded way!

The Old Road to Paradise
MARGARET WIDDEMER

The Dayspring from on high shall guide
our feet in the way of peace.

Far, far the mountain peak from me
Where lone he stands, with look caressing;
Yet from the valley, wistfully
I lift my dreaming eyes, and see
His hand stretched forth in blessing.

Never bird sings nor blossom blows
Upon that summit chill and breathless
Where throned he waits amid the snows;
But from his presence wide outflows
Love that is warm and deathless!

O Symbol of the great release
From war and strife!—unfailing fountain
To which we turn for joy's increase,
Fain would we climb to heights of Peace—
Thy peace upon the mountain!

The Christ of the Andes
FLORENCE EARLE COATES

Thy kingdom come!

Across the bitter centuries I hear the wail of men:
"Oh, would that Jesus Lord, the Christ, would come
to us again."
We decorate our altars with a ceremonious pride,
With all the outward shows of pomp His worship is
supplied:
Great churches raise their mighty spires to pierce the
sunlit skies
While in the shadow of the cross we mutter blas-
phemies.

We know we do not do His will who lessoned us to pray.
"Our Father grant within our lives Thy Kingdom rule
to-day."
The prayer He taught us once a week we mouth with
half-shut eye
While in the charnel-house of words immortal mean-
ings die.
Above our brothers' frailties we cry "Unclean! Unclean!"
And with the hands that served her shame still stone
the Magdalene.

We know within our factories that wan-cheeked women
reel
Among the deft and droning belts that spin from
wheel to wheel.
We know that unsexed childhood droops in dull-eyed
drudgery—
The little children that He blessed in far off Galilee,—
Yet surely, Lord, our hearts would grow more merci-
ful to them,
If Thou couldst come again to us as once in Bethlehem.

A Page from America's Psalter
WILLARD WATTLES

Suffer the little children, and forbid
them not, to come unto me.

"Christ the Lord is risen!"
Chant the Easter children,
Their love-moulded faces
Luminous with gladness,
And their costly raiment
Gleaming like the lilies.

But last night I wandered
Where Christ had not risen,
Where love knows no gladness,
Where the Lord of Hunger
Leaves no room for lilies
And no time for childhood.

And to-day I wonder
Whether I am dreaming;
For above the swelling
Of their Easter music
I can hear the murmur
"Suffer *all* the children."

Nay, the world is dreaming!
And my seeing spirit
Trembles for its waking,
When their Saviour rises
To restore the lilies
To the outcast children.

The Easter Children
ELSA BARKER

I came that they may have life,
and may have it more abundantly.

When the Lord of the great and the little,
The potter whose hand shapes our clay,
Sets a child in the midst of the market
Where the world-peoples chaffer all day,
Sets a child with its innocent questions,
Its flower-face dimpled and fine,
In the very heart's core of the clamor,
A thought of the Maker divine;—

And men, in their lust for dominion,
Their madness for silver and gold,
Crush the beauty and charm of that spirit,
Make the flower-face withered and old,

Bind the hands and feet with a tether
That childhood can never untie,
Deem not that Jehovah unheeding
Looks down from the heights of the sky.

He sees, though we think Him unseeing,
He knows when the factory wheels
Grind down the life-blood of children;
When the poor little bond-servant kneels
In the pang of its frightful abasement;—
Though all are deaf to its prayer,
There is coming a dark day of judgment,
And the Lord of the child will be there.

The child in the midst, as we've marred it,
Bent-shouldered, dull-eyed, and a slave,
That cringes at word and at fetter,
That cries for the rest of the grave;
With our free flag unfolding above it,
So free, from the pine to the palm!
And our scared pallid children beneath it!
There's a jar in the lilt of our psalm.

From the mine where the midnight engulfs it,
From the mill where the clogged air is thick
With the dust of the weaving that chokes it;
From the home where it's fevered and sick

With man's toil, when God meant it for gladness,
The child in the midst of our clay
God-moulded, man-marred, calls to heaven
For the vengeance we're daring this day.

The Child in the Midst
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Whoso shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me.

O Mary, lend thy Babe to me
To hold upon my breast!
It cannot be, it cannot be—
Thy heart would shake his rest.
Beneath thy robe I see it leap—
How in such tumult could he sleep?

God's Mother, shame upon thee now,
So hard and cold to be!
And who art thou—and who art thou
That criest shame on me?
A wasted woman, hungering sore
For the sweet babe I never bore.

Now for that waste be thine the shame—
Thy sentence thou dost speak;
And for that hunger thine the blame.
Were no lost lambs to seek
Where crowds unseeing pass and press—
No little children motherless?

O Mary, let me seek for such!
Mine eyes with tears were blind—
Nay, daughter, seek not overmuch;
Go forth and thou shalt find
Naked and hungry everywhere
The little ones thou didst not bear.

Wipe clear of useless tears thine eyes,
Thy heart of futile dreams.
Go forth to face realities—
One deed of mercy seems
To this my Son and Me, more fair
Than a whole life of barren prayer.

Love not in word, but in good sooth;
Deserted and defiled,
Each little human form in truth
Harbours the Eternal Child.
Held in thine arms, His eyes of grace
Shall open to thy bending face.

God's Mother, I have been to blame—
Nay, daughter,—no regret.
Forget thy blame, forget thy shame—
Thy very self forget.
Give wholly thine awakened heart.
My Child hath need of all thou art.

At Bethlehem
AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called children of God!

Thou hast on earth a Trinity,—
Thyself, my fellow-man, and me:
When one with him, then one with Thee:
Nor, save together, thine are we.

To the Christ
J. B. Tabb

Can the blind guide the blind?

She called from her cell,
"Let me give you a rose,"
To the cold tract-man
In his Sabbath clothes.

And the tract-man said
To the one gone mad,
"How can you give
What you never had?"

"As you give Christ,"
The madwoman said,
"While love in your heart
Lies cold and dead."

Madness
Harry Lee

If any man cometh unto me, and hateth not . . . his own life, he cannot be my disciple.

A Christmas gift, oh Lord—
Some fiery vision,
Not drowsy promises
Of fields Elysian.

It was but now we came
Out of the jungle;
And how can beasts contrive
Save botch and bungle?
Since half is still the beast
And half is human,
Sorrow must follow hard
On man and woman.

But let Thy kindness thrill
Through hateful places:
Our wicked streets are paved
With baby faces—

For these, Thy little ones,
Strew Christmas graces;

Let each one have a toy,
Forget not any
And think upon their tears—
The sad too many!

For their sake come once more
    Down to Thy manger;
Once more drive from Thy church
    The money-changer.

Again where all may see
    Die for us, Master:
Because we shrink too much
    From death's disaster,
Master, once more die Thou,
    And show us how.

On Christmas Day
GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

To-day if ye shall hear his voice—

Once by an arch of ancient stone,
  Beneath Italian olive-trees
(In Pentecostal youth, too prone
  To visions such as these),

And now a second time, to-day,
  Yonder, an hour ago! 'Tis strange.
—The hot beach shelving to the bay,
  That far white mountain range,

The motley town where Turk and Greek
  Spit scorn and hatred as I pass;
Seraglio windows, doors that reek
  Sick perfume of the mass;

The muezzin cry from Allah's tower,
  French sailors singing in the street;
The Western meets the Eastern power,
  And mingles—this is Crete.

. . . . . .

'Tis strange! No wonder and no dread
  Was on me; hardly even surprise.
I knew before he raised his head
  Or fixed me with his eyes

That it was he; far off I knew
  The leaning figure by the boat,
The long straight gown of faded hue;
  The hair that round his throat

Fell forward as he bent in speech
  Above the naked sailor there,
Calking his vessel on the beach,
  Full in the noonday glare.

Sharp rang the sailor's mallet-stroke
  Pounding the tow into the seam;
He paused and mused, and would have spoke,
  Lifting great eyes of dream

Unto those eyes which slowly turned—
  As once before, even so now—
Till full on mine their passion burned
  With, "Yes, and is it thou?"

Then o'er the face about to speak
  Again he leaned; the sunburnt hair,
Fallen forward, hid the tawny cheek;
  And I who, for my share,

Had but the instant's gaze, no more,
  And sweat and shuddering of the mind,
Stumbling along the dazzling shore,
  Until a cool sweet wind

From far-off Ida's silver caves
  Said, "Stay"; and here I sit the while.
. . . . . .

And all my being, for an hour,
  Has sat in stupor, without thought,
Empty of memory, love, or power,
  A dumb wild creature caught

In toils of purpose not its own!
  But now at last the ebbed will turns;
Feeding on spirit, blood, and bone,
  The ghostly protest burns.

"Yea, it is I, 'tis I indeed!
  But who art thou, and plannest what?
Beyond all use, beyond all need!
  Importunate, unbesought,

"Unwelcome, unendurable!
  To the vague boy I was before—
O unto him thou camest well;
  But now, a boy no more,

"Firm-seated in my proper good,
  Clear-operant in my functions due,
Potent and plenteous of my mood,—
  What hast thou here to do?

"Yes, I have loved thee—love thee, yes;
  But also—hear'st thou?—also him
Who out of Ida's wilderness
  Over the bright sea-rim,

"With shaken cones and mystic dance,
  To Dirce and her seven waters
Led on the raving Corybants,
  And lured the Theban daughters

"To play on the delirious hills
  Three summer days, three summer nights,
Where wert thou when these had their wills?
  How liked thee their delights?

"Past Melos, Pelos, to the straits,
  The waters roll their spangled mirth,
And westward, through Gibraltar gates,
  To my own under-earth,

"My glad, great land, which at the most
  Knows that its fathers knew thee; so
Will spend for thee nor count the cost;
  But follow thee? Ah, no!

"Thine image gently fades from earth!
  Thy churches are as empty shells,
Dim-plaining of thy words and worth,
  And of thy funerals!

"But oh, upon what errand, then,
  Leanest thou at the sailor's ear?
Hast thou yet more to say, that men
  Have heard not, and must hear?"

Passages from *Second Coming*
WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

Lo, I am with you always, even
unto the end of the world!

Loud mockers in the roaring street
  Say Christ is crucified again:
Twice pierced His gospel-bearing feet,
  Twice broken His great heart in vain.

I hear and to myself I smile,
For Christ talks with me all the while.

No angel now to roll the stone
  From off His unawaking sleep,
In vain shall Mary watch alone,
  In vain the soldiers vigil keep.

Yet while they deem my Lord is dead
My eyes are on His shining head.

Ah! never more shall Mary hear
  That voice exceeding sweet and low
Within the garden calling clear:
  Her Lord is gone, and she must go.

Yet all the while my Lord I meet
In every London lane and street.

Poor Lazarus shall wait in vain,
  And Bartimeus still go blind;
The healing hem shall ne'er again
  Be touched by suffering humankind.

Yet all the while I see them rest,
The poor and outcast, on His breast.

No more unto the stubborn heart
  With gentle knocking shall He plead,
No more the mystic pity start,
  For Christ twice dead is dead indeed.

So in the street I hear men say,
Yet Christ is with me all the day.

The Second Crucifixion
RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

To him that overcometh to him will I
give to eat of the tree of life,
which is in the Paradise of God.

There was a man who saw God face to face:
His countenance and vestments evermore
Glowed with a light that never shone before
Saving from him who saw God face to face.
And men, anear him for a little space,
Were sorely vexed at the unwonted light.
Those whom the light did blind rose angrily;
They bore his body to a mountain height
And nailed it to a tree; then went their way.
And he resisted not nor said them nay,
Because that he had seen God face to face.

There was a man who saw Life face to face
And ever as he walked from day to day,
The deathless mystery of being lay
Plain as the path he trod in loneliness;
And each deep-hid inscription could he trace;
How men have fought and loved and fought again;
How in lone darkness souls cried out for pain;
How each green foot of sod from sea to sea
Was red with blood of men slain wantonly;
How tears of pity warm as summer rain
Again and ever washed the stains away,
Leaving to Love, at last, the victory.
Above the strife and hate and fever pain,
The squalid talk and walk of sordid men,
He saw the vision changeless as the stars

That shone through temple gates or prison bars,
Or to the body nailed upon the tree,
Through each mean action of the life that is,
The marvel of the Life that yet shall be.

There Was a Man
DAVID STARR JORDAN

And he laid his hands upon
her and immediately she was made
straight and glorified God.

The touch of human hands—
That is the boon we ask;
For groping, day by day,
Along the stony way,
We need the comrade heart
That understands,
And the warmth, the living warmth
Of human hands.

The touch of human hands—
Not vain, unthinking words,
Nor that cold charity
Which shuns our misery;
We seek a loyal friend
Who understands,
And the warmth, the pulsing warmth
Of human hands.

The touch of human hands—
Such care as was in Him
Who walked in Galilee
Beside the silver sea;
We need a patient guide
Who understands,
And the warmth, the loving warmth
Of human hands.

The Touch of Human Hands
THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

And I saw a star from heaven
fallen unto the earth.

I

When joys were vivid I did sit
Within a golden field,
And there I pulled the whitest stars
Green earth can yield.

II

For Bethlehem those stars were named,
The Lord Christ sat with me;
And I was little and I learned
Upon His knee.

III

Now I am old and joys are gone,
Christ in this room I find
Who brings from distant Bethlehem
Stars for His blind.

Stars
JEANNETTE MARKS

One cutteth a tree out of the forest.

Christ stood before my Christmas tree,
And smiled upon it thoughtfully.

From out far Northern forests dim,
The little tree had come to him.

It caught the radiance of his eyes
And twinkled forth in keen surprise.

The odors of its branches were
More sweet than frankincense and myrrh.

Wreathed in silver and jewelled fair
It stood with a meek and royal air,

Star-crowned, gift-laden, a symbol bright
Against the wild world's darkling night.

"Suffer the children," said Christ to the Tree,
"To come in joy to thee and Me."

My Christmas Tree
MARY BOWEN BRAINERD

O death, where is thy victory?

In every leaf that crowns the plain,
In every violet 'neath the hill,
In every yellow daffodil . . .
I see the risen Lord again!

In each arbutus flower I see
A faith that lived through frost and snow,
And in the birds that northward go,
A guiding hand's revealed to me.

Lo! winter from some dark abyss
Came forth to kill all growing things;
'Twas vain, spring rose on emerald wings,
Moth-like from her dead chrysalis.

Each germ within the tiny seed
Throws off the husk that to it clings,
And towards the sun it upward brings
New life to blossom to its need.

Ye hearts that mourn rise up and sing!
Death has no power to hold his prey,
The grave is only where we lay
The soul, for its eternal spring! . . .

In every leaf that crowns the plain,
In every violet 'neath the hill,
In every yellow daffodil . . .
I see the risen Lord again!

Faith
JOHN RICHARD MORELAND

Keep your lamps burning.

I dare not slight the stranger at my gate—
Threadbare of garb, and sorrowful of lot
Lest it be Christ that stands, and goes His way
Because I, all unworthy, knew Him not.

I dare not miss one flash of loving cheer
From alien souls, in challenge fine and high:
Ah,—what if God be moving very near—
And I, so blind, so deaf—had passed Him by?

The Trimmed Lamp
LAURA SIMMONS

God is light, and in
him is no darkness.

Suddenly, out of my darkness, shines Thy beauty, O
Brother;
Brother, the light of Thy life is a blessing beyond
brightness.
I am smitten blind and see the pride of the world no
longer;
I am smitten with strong light that shows the
beauty of love.

Thy way is more wonderful than the way of the sun
at noon,
For wherever Thy light falls it cleanses us from
evil;
Thy way is more excellent than the way of the moon
in the evening,
For wherever Thy light falls it is healing for our
sickness;
Thy way is dearer by far than the way of the little
stars,
For wherever Thy light falls it is leading us to
peace;
Thy way is holier than ever the lips of man can tell;
Thy light is a glory to burn in the hearts of all
mankind.

Change, growth, and fulfillment follow Thy feet for-
ever;
Surely after Thy passing flowers spring up in the
path.

I, who would sing Thy beauty, have known the darkness, Brother.
Oh, wash my eyes with tears that they may know the light of Thy love.

A Psalm to Jesus
MARGUERITE WILKINSON

But I have built thee a house of habitation, and a place for thee to dwell in forever.

I cannot know what unaccustomed paths
Echo the Blessèd Feet;
If sudden thought or word of men,
Still dark or stiller sunshine serve the more
His footfall to repeat.

I see the paths of light from star to star
All aureoled are
Beneath His tread:
That distant worlds are footworn quite
Beneath His feet,
And strewn with dusty light
As common roadways are,
Keeping eternal vigil night and day
About His permanent intent,
His clear unalterable way.

He may be those far worlds
Be Light and Way—

We strain our eyes to see, being blind!—
But this I surely know
That here on earth I trace
His daily walks
Across the radiant skies of spring,
Up the white slant of dawn,
Along the sea's blue circle;
I watch the wind drawing itself about Him as a
cloak,
And autumn's shielding brightness—
Nor has a half been said.

But most of all I wait upon
An old accustomed mood of His,
Fashioned of His humility,
When reaching down He clothes Himself about
With the torn garment of the human heart,
A habit grey and thin,
A meagre thing!—
And yet how blest its breaks and seams!
For should He find it hanging empty,
Upon the nail, within the hall,
Fitted somewhat by use,
As friend and neighbor might
In their familiar way
With nothing said,—
He may forego the light of stars,
And suit it to His need instead.

The Garment
ELVIRA SLACK

I waited patiently for the Lord.

I have swept my house; I have made it ready
For a Guest whose features I have never seen.
I have set lilies for a sweet, white welcome
The low dark walls between.

And I have stood long in the doorway waiting,
Many and many a day,
Watching all the roads, listening for a footfall,
Till like dark wings in Heaven the shadows play.

I will wait long, for men say that He is lovely;
I will keep patience, weary though I be.
Oh, may the flying light of a glad sunset
Bring that Guest to me.

The Blessed Guest
MARGUERITE WILKINSON
From *The Great Dream*—The Macmillan Company

Thy kingdom come,
thy will be done.

I found One sitting by the dusty road
Whose humble cloak with royal radiance glowed;

And when I saw Him, something in me said:
You know Him, at His table have been fed!

Drawn by His loving eyes I crept more near,
"What is Thy realm?" I cried in reverent fear.

"The world," He said, "with all its longing souls;
What is the land that names thee in its scrolls?"

"Where I can be with Thee, O King Divine!
Thy land, Thy realm, Thy love, let them be mine!"

The King
MARTHA FOOTE CROW

If any man's work shall abide which he built thereon, he shall receive a reward.

Amid the glory of the trees that grew
In the far morning of the world, He walks—
Where the breeze stirs those lofty arms that toss
Far up toward skies of blue and cloud of fleece
And where a balsam sweetness odors the air,
There, where the axe-stroke sets the bird a-wing,
Where sullen thunder of the fallen monarch
Of twice a thousand summers rolls through aisles
That only His bright foot-prints ever pressed
He has walked in His garden beautiful,
In misty moons and perfumed velvet eves.

Aye! Christ Himself is here—His eyes ablaze,
Though rather in love than anger. Listen, now!

"You puny ones, whose life-span is of years,
'Tis well you come into the garden vast
Of trees whose fiber holds the sun and music
Of ages. Reap, then, the harvest of the years,
And make a birth-place for the new-given life,
A roof for love and virtue, and a shelter
For the storm-spent who weary and who toil;
Beams, fairer than those of Lebanon that came
To Zion, beneath whose lifted strength shall kneel
Pure worshippers to burn their spirit's incense;
Frames for the arch of hospital and school,
Mart, mill and store, great court and congress hall,
For tossing ships of sea and upper air,
For cradle, casket, pillory or throne,
For worship, justice, tenderness and light.
My trees were my Cathedral, and the place
Where 'mid my wildlings of the forest aisles,
I walked and caught the voices lifted high
To the Great Spirit through the whirling age
By those who felt I was but saw Me not.
Aye, let your ringing axe, your singing saw,
Be sister to this glorious radiant beauty.
Let service and high beauty join their hands
To meet the needs and frame the dreams of men.
Fair be to Me the sight of things men make
To broider life with that which touches need.
For beauty has its life in noble use,
And since importunate needs enchain the soul,
All use is useless unless touched with grace."

Ah, let us build, envisioned from above,
The frame of that fair New Jerusalem
Let down in dreams of loveliness from God,
Where Christ, the Beautiful, is light thereof.

Christ amid the Sequoias
PETER ATHERTON SIMPKINS

That in me as chief might Jêsus Christ show forth all his long suffering, for example of them that should thereafter believe on him unto eternal life.

He may be called a strong man who can brace
Himself to meet the pity of a friend.
But should he into his own woe descend
Through films and shreds of panic and disgrace,
In that dim perilous path his soul must pace
He will find that beyond despair's black end
The very dark will breathe out and upsend
The vision of a wan strange longing Face;
And he will hear the voice: "All this I know;
I am the One who walked that selfsame way,
I feel each haunting of that hour malign;
Beyond the last you have the strength to go,
When you one wavering prayer can scarcely say,
Even there your trembling steps are set in Mine."

Jesus
MARTHA FOOTE CROW

And there were certain Greeks among them
that came up to worship at the feast.

"Sir, we would see Jesus. Marvel you
That we forsake Apollo and that maid
Of Ephesus, fair-haired and chaste, to seek
A man of Nazareth, a carpenter?
We of Greece, with all our learning and our art,
Still search for truth, however new and strange
That truth may come, and he, they say, hath
delved
Somewhat more deeply in the mystery
Of life and death than men of Greece have done,
And put his power to a greater use:
By occult power he draws the veil aside
And summons men, long dead, from out the sep-
ulcher—
Yet not for that we came. Though he might
raise
A dozen men 'twere less avail
Than that he taught one hopeless man to live.

"We have seen him, Gardarus, that mad beast
In whom the passions raged, all uncontrolled,
Consuming all they touched, by gentleness
Of this same Jesus, calmed and made a man.
The gods of Greece are great, and men shall
praise
Their strength and loveliness, immortal, yet
They taught not men to live as does this carpenter
Preaching to fisher-folk by Galilee.

"Sir, we of glorious Greece stoop not to beg,
And least of all from that mean race of usurers
From which he springs . . . Great is our need,
We crave your intercession—here is gold,
These jewels if your Master would be king
Will pave his way with jewel-loving Rome;
If he be man and sore beset, these blades
Shall free, or we will perish at his side;
If he be God, ah Jew, if he be God!

"Enough, go tell your Master that we wait!"

"Sir, We Would See Jesus"
NELLIE BURGET MILLER

Grace and truth came through Jesus Christ.

He built no temple, yet the farthest sea
Can yield no shore that's barren of His place
For bended knee.

He wrote no book and yet His words and prayer
Are intimate on many myriad tongues,
Are counsel everywhere.

Without an effort to explain the wraith
Which we call life He bade men have in God
Implicit faith.

He left no riches, yet much land and gold,
Safe under superscription of His sign,
Is wealth untold.

The life He lived has never been assailed,
Nor any precept, as He lived it, yet
Has ever failed.

He built no kingdom, yet a King from youth
He reigned, is reigning yet; they call His realm
The Kingdom of the Truth.

The Man, Christ
THERESE LINDSEY

A workman that needeth not to be ashamed.

The Carpenter of Galilee
Comes down the street again,
In every land, in every age,
He still is building men,
On Christmas Eve we hear Him knock;
He goes from door to door.
"Are any workmen out of work?
The Carpenter needs more."

The Carpenter of Galilee
HILDA W. SMITH

Blessed are the poor in spirit:
for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

If haloed Christ walked earth to-day
And saints were made again,
I know one for whose grace I'd pray—
Old Ellen, down the lane.

I've seen her scatter from her door
Crumbs, to her larder's loss;
"Yon little hungry bill and poor,
Was bent to aid His cross."

I've seen her as in high mass hour,
Declare the holy sign,
When her purple passion-flower
Spread in summer-shine.

Low is her rose-clad cottage thatch,
And Christ, I think, was tall,
But when His touch was on her latch,
How spacious is her hall!

Down her transfigured garden-land
I well believe He goes
With one hand in her wrinkled hand,
And in one hand, a rose.

Tiny and trembling by His side,
Her eyes with splendor dim,

The lover of the Crucified,
She lifts her face to Him.

Old Ellen's stained with earthly weather;
And He, with Heavenly light,
But my heart, finding them together,
Leaped at the joyous sight.

Old Ellen
ISABEL FISKE CONANT

I am the good shepherd:
the good shepherd layeth down
his life for the sheep.

Over the braes with bleeding feet,
My Shepherd sought for me,
Through blinding rain and stinging sleet
That hurtled across the lea.

From sheltering fold I wandered far,
And groped amid the gloam;
Night reft the skies of every star,
And me of friends and home.

But when my Shepherd's voice rang clear,
Through night's bewildering black,
That music soothed away my fear,
And brought the morning back.

He drives away the wolves of ills,
  As shepherds did of old,
And on life's winter beaten hills,
  His bosom is my fold.

My Shepherd
CHARLES COKE WOODS

The kingdom of the world is become the kingdom of our Lord: and he shall reign forever.

I

One Seer from out the Bo Tree's mystic shade
Saw visions of the world that is to be—
The self forgot and thus from prison made free
Man facing fate serene and undismayed;

Freed from the blight of wealth and power and fame
He turns to truth and service to mankind,
Right thought, right striving, and a mindful mind
To reach Right Rapture his diviner aim.

II

A wise Old Man through blossoms of the peach
Beside the Yellow River saw the Way
In the spring splendor to a better day—
The Way to live, the Way that he must teach:

Be simple in your every want, be just,
Free of desire, compassionate, and mild;
Be gentle, humble as a little child;
Do good for evil, be obscure as dust.

III

And One saw from the shadow of the Cross
Peace in the world, a common brotherhood,
Each seeking lovingly the other's good
Finding his life through losing all its dross;

One Father smiling on the faults forgiven
As all come arm in arm and happily
Like little children to a father's knee—
The earth at last become the Kingdom of Heaven.

Three Wise Men of the East
FREDERICK PETERSON

Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.

He came along at the close of day,
A quiet man in a suit of gray,
With sober face and noiseless feet;
I saw Him walking down the street
When the cardinal was trilling "Sweet."

A teamster in the dusty road
Beat hard his horse with a heavy goad,
But when He passed, the man flushed red,
Slouched in his rig, and hung his head,
Though not a single word was said.

Two neighbor women leaned on a fence
And quarreled as if they had no sense.
He bent on them a look so keen
That they a vision must have seen
Their faces were no longer mean.

Then on He walked till suddenly
I heard Him speak consolingly,
"There is thy home, forget thy fears."
'Twas a little lad, of perhaps six years,
Who had lost his way and was in tears.

I hurried on His side to reach,
But He disappeared along the beach.
I marked the spot so I would know—
A thin, hard soil where few things grow,
But Easter violets bud and blow.

Christ Came To-day
EDNA OSBORNE WHITCOMB

Knock and it shall be opened unto you.

At the edge of consciousness is a little door,
What goes by?
Now a wing of brightness, of color, of something out there that I love more than I am accustomed to loving.
Now fares by a delicate shadow, patterned, fleet, that I long to know more than I am accustomed to knowing.
There must be so much more to love and to know than the little loves and the little knowledge.

Then someone knocks at my door.
Thou!
The wing of brightness, the delicate shadow were but the sign.
What am I to do?
I will find my way to the edge of my consciousness,
I will gain the door, I will have my freedom,
I will love and know and be all being.
Thou art the liberator. Why, it is true. . . .
"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

Doors
ZONA GALE

VIII

CHRIST AND WORLD CONFLICT

He appointed singers . . . that should praise the Beauty of Holiness as they went out before the army. And when they began to sing and to praise, the Lord set ambushments against the enemy and they were smitten.

Weary the centuries while His Kingdom waits,
For earth is rent with strife and hate and woe,
And Youth's bright armies down to death must go!
Remorseless hell has opened wide its gates
As if God's rule had passed to vengeful Fates
And plotting fiends could wander to and fro!
Where now is Christ with tender love aglow—
Christ who His days to mercy consecrates?

"Ye call me Prince of Peace," He answers—"bless
My name. But lo! when man exults in crime,
Mine is the lightning-stroke, the whirlwind-stress,
The cannon's roar, the battle-front sublime!
My peace is the great Peace of Righteousness,
And Love and Justice meet in Valor's prime!"

I Came Not to Send Peace but a Sword
EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

By what power or in what name have ye done this?

The Kings of the earth are men of might,
And cities are burned for their delight,
And the skies rain death in the silent night,
And the hills belch death all day!

But the King of Heaven, who made them all,
Is fair and gentle, and very small;
He lies in the straw, by the oxen's stall—
Let them think of Him to-day!

Kings. A Christmas Poem in War-time

JOYCE KILMER

Killed in action, August 1, 1918

Jesus . . . made a scourge of small cords
and drove the money-changers out of the Temple.

Who said, "*It is a booth where doves are sold?*"
Who said, "*It is a money-changers' cave?*"
Silence to such forever, and behold!
It is a vast cathedral, and its nave
And dim-lit transept and broad aisles are filled
With a great nation's millions on their knees
With new devotion and high fervor thrilled,
Offering silver and heart's-ease
And love and life and all sweet-temporal things,
Still to keep bright
The steady light
That stifles in the wake of kings!

A market-place! they cried?
A lotus-land? They *lied!*
It is a great cathedral, not with hands
Upraised, but by the spirit's mute commands;

Uplifted by the spirit, wall and spire,
To house a nation's purified desire!
A church! Where in hushed fervor stand
  The children of contending races,
Forgetting feud and fatherland—
  A hundred million lifted faces.

From *An Ode of Dedication*
HERMANN HAGEDORN

Until the Ancient of Days come!

In garments dyed with blood, thorn-crowned, alone,
A wistful figure on the battle-field
Is by frore moonlight through the dusk revealed.
The mutterings of crass voices 'round him groan.
  "Hearing he has not heard;
  A god, he has not stirred
To stay this shamefulness of war," men say.
Spear-pierced by scorn he passes on his way.

Dark is earth's skyline, scarlet-dark; and he
Is pale as wind-blown ashes. His scarred face
Droops to the slain boys in that slaughter-place;
His wounded hands touch all hands tenderly.
  Yet when he lifts his eyes
  The love-light in them dies;
For fury he has fury and for those
Who show no mercy he no mercy knows.

He tramples out the wine-press of his wrath;
He puts the mighty down from their high seat;
Time-rotted tyrannies topple at his feet;
Gaunt discrowned spectres flit before his path.
  Their doom was in his word
  When first Judea heard
Of brotherhood. Kings scuttle at his nod,
Blown down black battles by the breath of God.

The night brims up with hate and misery;
As from the ground, at each thin blart of fire,
Gleam dead phosphoric eyes in deathless ire.
The hosts snatch freedom from their butchery.
  Dead—no lords they fear,
  Dead—their blue lips jeer.
Their cross, and his, drives on the smash of things.
The Carpenter builds scaffolds for the Kings.

The Carpenter
JAMES CHURCH ALVORD

Not a sparrow shall fall
without your Father.

Bird o'er the battlefield, singing in lull of the thunder,
What gave you song? Oh, be migrant; be fleet-winged and pass!
Though year to year you have mated and brooded hereunder,
Seek not your safety this spring in this blood-matted grass.

You that last Maytime sang unto the west and its
glamor,
Speed while you may, while your wings are unwounded
and strong.
Think you to nest in these trenches? This merciless
clamor,
Think you to drown its least shrapnel with lyrical song?

Yet, if you stray, like an innocent child in a gutter,
Wounded are here whose delirium shall hear you, and
see
Brooks in the farms of their youth, and whose fever
shall mutter
Name of a girl, of a mother, of Christ of the Tree.

What, spite of shrapnel and danger, has made you
enraptured?
Seeing and hearing what man may not see and not hear?
Bird o'er the battlefield, what has your tiny heart
captured?
Is it that Christ, walking storm-waves of trenches,
comes near?

Bird O'er the Battlefield
ISABEL FISKE CONANT

Himself He cannot save.

One word sprang up in the heart of Christ,
The center of all his power,
The blossom of his transcendent life,—
That miracle-word was "our."

Our Father! 'Tis always "*our*," not "*my*."
Together we must pray.
Our Father! Deliver *us*, lead *us;*
Our debts, *our* bread to-day!

None can be Christ's and stand alone;
'Tis only leagued that we run;
There'll be no Christian upon this earth
Till the last man is won.

Together must we lift our hearts!
This was his message high.
Into the listening ear of God
No man may whisper "I."

For self, He says, I may not fight,
For *my* land, for *my* breath;
But in the jeopardy of good,
Then fight I to the death!

A Thought of Jesus
MARTHA FOOTE CROW

High above all principality and power
and might and dominion and every name that is named!

There has been only one man in my mind
All through the four black years.
I've heard of him in the sodden tents,

I've seen his face in the filthy trench
Where the soldiers laugh at fears:
Yea, by the young men's biers
I've seen him stand by the mothers
Shivering under their tears.

There has been only one man on the coasts
Where the refugees are come;
He has been in the minds of the massacred hosts
Driven and starved and dumb;
Where staggering lines of men obey
The word that takes them a deathly way
And souls fight on while ranks succumb.

He has come very near—
This one man of the world,
Where the herded peoples die on the plain
And the children dwindle like blighted grain;
By fierce flags over high standards curled
By embattled men in thousands hurled
Out of the green and living world—
He is writ on the Scroll of the Slain,
And comes to his own again.
Yea, to the man's shape in Berlin
I see his passionless presence win;
There, to the shamed, world-loathéd head
I see this one man enter in
With calm accusing tread.

So, while the world in trance
Conceives an unborn Soul,
I see this one man's countenance

Turned on the myriad eyes that glance
Forward to his control.
Through bloody towns and wreckstrewn seas,
Along by the shattered orchard trees,
I see New Being rise from its knees,
New regiments enroll;
Marshals a New Mankind
And a world of this One Man's mind!

The Type
EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

Inasmuch as He Himself hath suffered, being tempted,
He is able to succor them that are tempted.

These sodden slimy trenches are my pews;
This is my flock—rude, blood-bespattered men.
Some boys are here whom I once taught at home—
Far closer are we now than in those days.
Then I have other lads who say the church
Breeds superstition and hypocrisy.
Some swear and gamble—till I won their hearts
I heard them curse me for a "Holy Joe"!

Yet with what awe I minister to them—
As fine a breed as God has put on earth!
Irreverent—true! But by their scoffs they mask
The altar fires aflame within their breasts!
I do not preach to them that bloodless Christ
Whom artists picture haunting No Man's Land—

Aloof and shuddering at the things He sees.
Instead I tell them of that Man who met
With fearless heart yon despot's cross and sword,
And died, that through His death the soul might live.

They nod their heads; they understand this Christ . . .
They take Him with them to their Calvary!

The Army Chaplain
DANIEL HENDERSON

I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world
but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil.

I cannot think or reason,
I only know He came
With hands and feet of healing
And wild heart all aflame.

With eyes that dimmed and softened
At all the things He saw,
And in his pillared singing
I read the marching Law.

I only know He loves me,
Enfolds and understands—
And oh, his heart that holds me,
And oh, his certain hands—

The man, the Christ, the soldier,
Who from his cross of pain
Cried to the dying comrade,
"Lad, we shall meet again."

Comrades of the Cross
WILLARD WATTLES

Whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord.

My shoulders ache beneath my pack,
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back.)

I march with feet that burn and smart,
(Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart.)

Men shout at me who may not speak,
(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek.)

I may not lift a hand to clear
My eyes of salty drops that sear,

(Then shall my fickle soul forget
Thine Agony of Bloody Sweat?)

My rifle hand is stiff and numb,
(From Thy pierced palm red rivers come.)

Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land and sea,

So let me render back again
This millionth of Thy gift. Amen.

Prayer of a Soldier in France

JOYCE KILMER

Killed in action, August 1, 1918

Accept your share of hardship,
like a noble soldier of Christ Jesus.

I came to a halt at the bend of the road;
I took off my knapsack and lightened my load;
I came to a halt at the bend of the road.

And I said to my Lord, "You have left me alone;
And the road is so long—see—I'm tired to the bone—"
I said to my Lord, "You have left me alone."

"My son," Jesus said, "are you glad what you do?
All that I suffered, you're suffering, too.
My son," Jesus said, "are you glad what you do?"

'Twas for love of you, dear, that I died on the tree;
My child, can you die for your country—and me?
'Twas for love of you, dear, that I died on the tree.

I said to my Lord, "Jesus, take my whole soul,"
Then I took up the march and I shouldered my roll;
I said to my Lord, "Jesus, take my whole soul."

I'm ready. Dear Jesus, be happy and smile.
Rest a little. I'll carry your burden a while.
I'm ready. Dear Jesus, be happy—and smile!

At the Bend of the Road

Translation by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER, from the French of Charles Mercier, Stretcher-bearer, VI Company Machine-gunners.

Ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars:
see that ye be not troubled.

Wild Europe, red with Wodin's dreadful dew,
On fire with Loki's hate, more savage than
Beasts that we shame by likening to man,
Was it toward this the toiling centuries grew?

Was it for this the Reign of Love began
In that young heretic, that gracious Jew,
Whose race his followers flout the ages through?
Is Time at last a mere comedian,

Mocking in cap and bells our pompous boast
Of progress? Nay, we will not bear it so.
A million hands launch ships to succor woe;
The stars that shudder o'er the slaughtering host

Rain blessing on the Red Cross groups that go
Careless of shrapnel, emulous for the post
Where foul diseases wreak their uttermost
Of horror. Saintship walks incognito

As scoffing Science, but Christ knows his own.
Sway as it may the war-god's fell caprice,
The victories of Love shall still increase
Until at last, from all this wail and moan,

Rises the song of brotherhood to cease
No more, no more,—the song that shall atone
Even for this mad agony. The throne
That war is building is the throne of Peace.

*Wild Europe**

KATHARINE LEE BATES

* Taken by permission from "The Retinue and Other Poems," copyright E. P. Dutton and Co.

Mahomed's banners dark the sun.
Under the smile of the Christian Hun,
Islam hate hath its work begun.
March, march, Armenia, march!

Over your threshold seeps a flood;
Bright are your lintels flecked with blood:
March, march, Armenia, march!
Out at the doors where your first-born males
Dripping sag from the piercing nails,
Sound your reveille with dying wails—
March, march, Armenia, march!
Lingering woe of the crucified,
Hanging on high like Christ who died:
Time not to weep by your crucified—
March, march, Armenia, march!

You flaunt no helmets to the skies,
Dulling the red rain from your eyes—
March, march, Armenia, march!
Blinded, grope to the desert wild,
Trampling the head of the slaughtered child;
Over the limbs of the maid defiled,
March, march, Armenia, march!

Climbing Arahrat's sacred crest
Where came the Ark of Life to rest,
March, march, Armenia, march!
Sounds the last charge: the trumpets blow;
Waves of steel through your thin ranks flow;
Four thousand feet to the crags below,
March, march, Armenia, march!

Christ's arms outstretched no hate can hide—
When Rome slew him, it nailed them wide!
Into the heart of the Crucified,
March, march, Armenia, march!

Armenian Marching Song

AJAN SYRIAN.

Ye are come to Mount Zion, the City of the Ever-living God, to the spirits of just men made perfect.

A banner blows where Sharon's rose in beauty once did bloom,
The cruel Crescent meets its doom, the Cross triumphant goes!

Where once the harp and tabor rung a newer song is sung—
"We're going to Jerusalem to vanquish Freedom's foes."
"We're going to Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem;
We're going to Jerusalem to fight for Freedom's cause,
That prophecy may be fulfilled, of lands untilled and thousands killed,
And mighty sacrifice be spilled, obedient to laws."

Oh little town of Bethlehem, thy streets may sound again
With rhythmic beat of marching feet of world-wide gathered men,
They follow true, Gentile and Jew, the great Judean's word,
Who said, "I do not bring to you Peace, but I bring a sword."

Throughout each blue Judean hill stalk martial figures strange,
And mighty guns that seek their range make Hebron's echoes thrill.
From ancient temple, mosque, and shrine, cathedral, chapel, home,
Come men who knelt in England or bowed the knee at Rome,
Or bent the brow at Buddhist shrine, or failed of any creed;
All claim the right to march and fight for Freedom at her need.
They're going to Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem,

They're going to Jerusalem with cannon and with sword;
From land of palm and land of pine, from tropic shrine and Afric mine,
They're going to Jerusalem to battle for the Lord.

And when the warrior's task is done, at set of sun, at rest of gun,
Perhaps some Shropshire lad may run, forgetful of the war,
To rest his limbs and drink his fill by cool Siloam's shady rill
Or sleep upon some sheltered hill that sacred feet once bore.
Some hardy boy from Saskatoon beneath the moon may rest and croon
Some modern ukulele tune where David piped of yore,
And men from Dublin and Dundee dream deep beneath some olive tree,
Or row on peaceful Galilee or wander on its shore.
For ours shall be Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem;
For ours shall be Jerusalem, that golden city blest,
The happy home of which we've sung in every land and every tongue
When there the pure white cross is hung, great spirits shall have rest!

The Last Crusade

Published ten days before the taking of Jerusalem.

ANNE HIGGINSON SPICER

This charge I commit unto thee: wage
a good warfare, holding faith and a good conscience.

What can be worth this cost of gold and tears,
These lands laid desolate with fire and blood,
This ruin past the mending of our years,
These generations blighted in the bud?
To seek until we find reality;
To know ourselves, our brothers, and our Lord;
In our own hearts to feel the searching sword
That kills the false however dear it be.
O God! give us to know
The holy heart of suffering, and kneel
To give Thee solemn thanks that we can feel
A little of the pain that these have borne
Who for Thy sake the crown of thorns have worn!
We dare not say—"Be ours as Belgium's heart;
Ours as the heart of France!" We only pray
Help us to do our part;
And to the children of a brighter day
Give an enduring peace that shall not stray
From Thy dear law of Love, whate'er befall—
God, that were worth it all.

That Were Worth It All
AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

All of the Old Kings
  Are wakened from their sleep,
Arthur out of Avalon,
  Ogier from the deep,
Redbeard from his Dragon-Rock,
  Sigurd from his fen . . .
"Is it time," they rise and cry,
  "To lead our hosts again?"

They have donned their wingèd helms,
  They would rise and reign,
The young king Sebastian,
  The old king Charlemagne,
Harold with his great bow,
  Roland with his horn . . .
Men have heard their horses' hoofs
  Many a scarlet morn!

The old kings have risen . . .
  Where the hosts advance
Redbeard cries his Germans on,
  Karl cries out for France,
Up and down the battlefield
  Ghostly armies beat,
Stilly down the gray sea glides
  Olaf's shadow-fleet:

Up and down the red fields
  Men have seen them go,

Seen the long plumes on the wind,
  Seen the pennons flow,
Harry out of Agincourt
  Sends his bowmen wide,
Joan that has forgiven them
  Battles at their side . . .

Christ, king of Paradise,
  Hasten with Thy hosts,
Angels all in silver mail,
  Saints and blessed ghosts,
Cry the long swords sheathed again,
  Cry the pennons furled,
Lest under Ragnarok
  Lie the shattered world!

The Old Kings
MARGARET WIDDEMER

And they all forsook him and fled.

In the olive Orient,
Up and down Jerusalem streets
He sang his poems.

She who lived in Magdala,
Fisherman of Galilee,
Blind and poor from Jericho,
Lepers out of Bethany,
Children, scholars, thieves—
What a motley crew
Loved the singing Jew!

Now the bayonet is there,
And the gun—
Maybe on the very corner where they met.

And the sun
Looks down upon the smoke.
Saladin is in the dust,
Richard camps on Olivet.

Where are halo, thorn and staff,
That cloak like Himalayan snow?

The Lost Singer
SCUDDER MIDDLETON

Dost thou alone sojourn in Jerusalem and know not the things that have come to pass?

He loved men with a great soul's deepest love;
He saw in them truth, hope, the very flame
Of constancy. And then alone
He died. Men have forgot His name.

His Name
JEANNETTE MARKS

Oh foolish people, and without understanding; that have eyes and see not.

St. Francis, Buddha, Tolstoi, and Saint John—
Friends, if you four, as pilgrims, hand in hand,
Returned, the hate of earth once more to dare,
And walked upon the water and the land,

If you, with words celestial, stopped these kings
For sober conclave, ere their battle great,
Would they for one deep instant then discern
Their crime, their heart-rot, and their fiends' estate?

If you should float above the battle's front,
Pillars of cloud, of fire that does not slay,
Bearing a fifth within your regal train,
The Son of David in his strange array—

If, in his majesty, he towered toward Heaven,
Would they have hearts to see or understand?
. . . Nay, for he hovers there to-night we know,
Thorn-crowned above the water and the land.

Above the Battle's Front
VACHEL LINDSAY

Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

Rejoice, Europe,
That there is no judgement bar which you will be
called to answer for your conduct.
How would you answer half the questions asked of
you?

How, pray, would you answer Jesus
Should He ask you concerning His own people whom
He entrusted to your mercies together with the
rest of His ritual?

Decay
SAMUEL ROTH

I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness.

Oh heart, keep faith with Him! though scant and
poor
Thy cupboard's meagre spread; lavish the more
Thy love, thy steadfast faith, thy gracious
cheer—
Tenfold they shall return, more rare, more dear;
Of such as these the multitudes are fed—
The two small fishes and the barley-bread!

Affirmation
LAURA SIMMONS

This is the sin against the Holy Ghost:—
To speak of bloody power as right divine,
And call on God to guard each vile chief's house,
And for such chiefs, turn men to wolves and swine:—

To go forth killing in White Mercy's name,
Making the trenches stink with spattered brains,
Tearing the nerves and arteries apart,
Sowing with flesh the unreaped golden plains.

In any church's name, to sack fair towns,
And turn each home into a screaming sty,
To make the little children fugitive,
And have their mothers for a quick death cry,—

This is the sin against the Holy Ghost:
This is the sin no purging can atone:—
To send forth rapine in the name of Christ:—
To set the face, and make the heart a stone.

The Unpardonable Sin
VACHEL LINDSAY

They may be without excuse because knowing God they glorified him not as God, neither gave thanks.

Lord Christ, if all the shells were pearls,
And all the sands were gold,
And the sunk galleons of the sea
Should yield their wealth untold;

Yet these to Thee were less than naught,
Than atoms of the dust,
Couldst Thou from our reluctant hearts
Claim but the smallest trust.

The grass its incense lifts to Thee
For casual rains and dews,
But we, the almsmen of Thy love,
Our gratitude refuse.

Refusal
DORIS KENYON and JAMES B. KENYON

IX

THE WIDENING CIRCLE

And I heard a voice from heaven as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder; and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps.

(The poem shows the Master, with his work done, singing to free his heart in Heaven.)

This poem is intended to be half said, half sung, very softly, to the well-known tune:—

"Last night I lay a-sleeping,
There came a dream so fair,
I stood in Old Jerusalem
Beside the temple there,—" etc.

Yet this tune is not to be fitted on, arbitrarily. It is here given to suggest the manner of handling rather than determine it.

(*To be sung.*)

I heard Immanuel singing
Within his own good lands,
I saw him bend above his harp.
I watched his wandering hands
Lost amid the harp-strings;
Sweet, sweet I heard him play.
His wounds were altogether healed.
Old things had passed away.

All things were new, but music.
The blood of David ran
Within the Son of David,
Our God, the Son of Man.

He was ruddy like a shepherd.
His bold young face, how fair.
Apollo of the silver bow
Had not such flowing hair.

(*To be read very softly, but in spirited response.*)

I saw Immanuel singing
On a tree-girdled hill,
The glad remembering branches
Dimly echoed still
The grand new song proclaiming
The lamb that had been slain,
New-built, the Holy City
Gleamed in the murmuring plain.

The crowning hours were over.
The pageants all were past.
Within the many mansions
The hosts, grown still at last,
In homes of holy mystery
Slept long by crooning springs
Or waked to peaceful glory,
A universe of kings.

(*To be sung.*)

He left his people happy,
He wandered free to sigh
Alone in lowly friendship
With the green grass and the sky.

He murmured ancient music
His red heart burned to sing
Because his perfect conquest
Had grown a weary thing.

No chant of gilded triumph—
His lonely song was made
Of Art's deliberate freedom;
Of minor chords arrayed
In soft and shadowy colors
That once were radiant flowers:—
The Rose of Sharon, bleeding
In Olive-shadowed bowers:—

And all the other roses
In the songs of East and West
Of love and war and worshipping,
And every shield and crest
Of thistle or of lotus
Or sacred lily wrought
In creeds and psalms and palaces
And temples of white thought:—

(*To be read very softly, but in spirited response.*)

All these he sang, half-smiling
And weeping as he smiled,
Laughing, talking to his harp
As to a new-born child:—

As though the arts forgotten
But bloomed to prophecy
These careless, fearless harp-strings,
New-crying in the sky.

(*To be sung.*)

"When this his hour of sorrow
For flowers and arts of men
Has passed in ghostly music,"
I asked my wild heart then—
What will he sing to-morrow,
What wonder, all his own
Alone, set free, rejoicing,
With a green hill for his throne?
What will he sing to-morrow
What wonder all his own
Alone, set free, rejoicing,
With a green hill for his throne?

I Heard Immanuel Singing
VACHEL LINDSAY
From *Collected Works*—The Macmillan Company

Love the brotherhood and fear God.

Now in the east the morning dies,
The full light of the splendid sun
Strikes downward in our lifted eyes
And the long journey is begun:

Across the shattered walls
A voice prophetic calls,
With tumult and with laughter
We rise and follow after.

The modern world, immense and wide,
Awaits us, huger than before,
With new stars swimming in the Void,
And Science broadening evermore
The sweep of the limitless Vast,
The Past is dead and past;
Yet through it all forever
One voice is silent never.

'Mid iron wheels and planets whirled,
The clanging city, in the street,
—The machinery of the modern world—
His lips cry loudly and entreat,
Like one that lifts his head
For a second time from the dead,
—Out of the Ages' prison
The new Christ re-arisen!

O holy spirit—O heart of man!
Will you not listen, turn, and bow
To that clear voice, since time began
Loud in your ears, and louder now!
Mankind, the Christ, retired—
Recrowned, recrucified;
No god for a gift God gave us,
Mankind alone must save us.

Will you not hear him—reach your hand!
From factory, tenement and slum
His voice pleads vainly in the land,
Ah, heart of man, the time has come!
The voice of Cain that wailed
Grew sorrowful and failed,
But a new voice rings deeper,
"You *are* your brother's keeper."

. . . . .

The Vision—the Ideal—the God—
Not anything ever may destroy.
Then let us follow, winged and shod
With love, with courage and with joy;
Herein alone is the truth,
The glory and fire of youth,
Herein all high endeavor,
Forever and forever!

Thy Kingdom Come
JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

From *Dust and Light*—Charles Scribner's Sons

Jesus saith unto her, Mary.

Christ said, "Mary," as he walked within the garden
The morning that he rose from death, calm and free of pain;
The wounds in his hands and his side no longer burned him,
He that once had been a man was a God again.

Christ said, "Mary," as he walked within the garden
All in his triumphing, back from the dead,
With the wind upon his cheek, while the world was new to him,
"Mary" was the first name he ever said.

The Mary God chose, he looked about the world for her
And saw her walking with the maids of Galilee;
She stood beside a clumsy-nailed cross above the hillside,
And saw the babe on it she had held at her knee,—
Christ praised another Mary whom the saints rebuked for wastefulness;
For he understood them well, all Marys of his day,
Yes and of to-day, too, Mary staid and caring,
Marys wild and home-loving—it was his way.

Martha and Lazarus talked with Christ at supper-time,
Martha and Lazarus, of crops and folk and wars;
But while the food was cleared away, low by the door-step
It was Mary spoke to him, when there were stars.
Not of crops and gossip, not of work and neighbors—
Christ and Mary talked about the wishing to be good
And the easy falling, and the new beginnings,
And the way the moon looked, low above the wood.

Christ said, "Mary," as he walked within the garden;
Startled, Mary Magdalene raised her tear-stained face.
That was very long ago, in a far-off country,
In a far-off country, and a foreign place.
Still each year at Easter-time do we think again of her,
And the other Marys who are dead in the earth,
Who are dead long ago, but who loved and tended him,
When our Lord was a man, and felt of tears and mirth.

All the Marys of the world, let us pray together now,
Mary Schwartz, and Mary Brown, and Mary Rosenstein,
Little Mary Donnelly, Mary Holt and Mary Hull,
Mary Olsen, Mary Morse, all in a line.
Since it is the Easter-time, and little bells are ringing,
Let us walk in still pride, with lifting of the head,
For when he had risen from the grave, as all the world knows,
"Mary" was the first name that God ever said.

To Other Marys
MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

The mind of the spirit is life and peace.

I

Sigh and thunder, pause and roar—
Unwearied on the foam-laced shore
Since the changing tides began,
Speaks the ocean-voice to man.

How silently, ere man was made,
Up and down the long tides swayed,
Weaving under sun and moon
Song without meaning, word or tune.

II

Above the altar's silk and lawn
The lips of patience, sorrow-drawn,
Lean from the cross toward my heart;
Then in His sufferings have I part.
Of mortal sins the wounds divine
That racked His spirit, rescue mine.
Homeward in peace we go,—and see,
The unmoved sexton turns the key!
The dying Christ upon the rood
Hangs in unworshipped solitude,
And that which made God's mercy known
Is loveless carving, speechless stone.

III

If our thoughts of them can give
The sea its voice, the stone its word,
So in Thy thought of us we live!
Take not Thy Spirit from us, Lord.

Take Not Thy Holy Spirit from Us
JOHN ERSKINE

Go ye therefore and make disciples of all nations.

My Teacher in Korea!
  In a foreign land,
On the shore I stand;
  I look across the seas
Toward my Korea.
  Still he keeps the same Christian standard;
With a smiling face,
  Teaches his young people of Korea,
Charity, wisdom,
  Courteousness, bravery—
Until his hair shall turn to gray
  And his handsome face to wrinkles
In truth you do a human-being's duty,
  And fulfil the law and the love of Christ.

Kong Mai
YON NYUM YIM

The goodness of Jehovah in the land of the living.

If I only could feel the wind blowing
From that lofty Monarch of the Philippines,
I would again breathe the scented breeze
Of unparalleled perfume with its caress.

Yes, that beloved Sierra Madre,
Where I used to amuse myself with Mother,
Will bring me back the happy thoughts
And remembrance of the by-gone days aloft.

Ah! Yes! that was many years ago,
When I was yet too small for a strong wind to blow,
And when every nature-like painting
Was in their infancy to bring the New American
Learning

Breezes blowing over the sea
From the land, Rezal, that would have cherished thee,
Land where men for Good have sacrificed,
Land of Lincoln, land of Jesus Christ!

The Sierra Madre
José Batulan Macapia

For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

The yokes He made were true.

Because the Man who Dreamed
Was too
An artisan,

The burdens that the oxen drew
Were light.
At night
He lay upon His bed and knew
No beast of His stood chafing in a stall
Made restless by a needless gall.

The tenets of a man
May be full fine.
But if he fails with plumb and line,
Scorns care,
Smooth planing
And precision with the square,
Some neck will bear
The scar of blundering!

My Yoke Is Easy
GLADYS LATCHAW

Let not your heart be troubled,
neither let it be fearful.

When over the abyss I pause at last,
Called death, the temporary stay
Twixt life and life's successor,—then when fast
My soul resolves itself like spray
Swirled from the firm companion-rock of sense,—
Be with me, Christ, with your strong recompense.

When my dim spirit wavers in the dark,
And moves from the white gates of flesh,
The throbbing caves of sound where sings the lark,
The rosy fingertips, the mesh
Of life, the dazzling mirrors of eyes,—
Be with me, Christ, and bid my soul arise.

When, in that hour, my selfhood sinks away
Beneath the palpitating screen
Of sense, and struggles with the clod of clay
Fear-spent, to be as it has been,
Trembling before the strange, eternal sea,—
Be with me, Christ, with your eternity.

A Prayer
JULIA COOLEY ALTROCCHI

Why is light given to a man whose way is hid?

O black and unknown bards of long ago,
How came your lips to touch the sacred fire?
How, in your darkness, did you come to know
The power and beauty of the minstrel's lyre?
Who first from midst his bonds lifted his eyes?
Who first from out the still watch, lone and long,
Feeling the ancient faith of prophets rise
Within his dark-kept soul, burst into song?

Heart of what slave poured out such melody
As "Steal away to Jesus"? On its strains
His spirit must have nightly floated free,
Though still about his hands he felt his chains.
Who heard great "Jordan roll"? Whose starward eye
Saw chariot "swing low"? And who was he
That breathed that comforting, melodic sigh,
"Nobody knows de trouble I see"?

What merely living clod, what captive thing,
Could up toward God through all its darkness grope,
And find within its deadened heart to sing
These songs of sorrow, love and faith, and hope?
How did it catch that subtle undertone,
That note in music heard not with the ears?
How should the elusive reed so seldom blown,
Which stirs the soul or melts the heart to tears.

Not that great German master in his dream
Of harmonies that thundered amongst the stars
At the creation, ever heard a theme
Nobler than "Go down, Moses." Mark its bars
How like a mighty trumpet-call they stir
The blood. Such are the notes that men have sung
Going to valorous deeds; such tones there were
That helped make history when Time was young.

There is a wide, wide wonder in it all,
That from degraded rest and servile toil
The fiery spirit of the seer should call
These simple children of the sun and soil.
O black slave singers, gone, forgot, unfamed,
You, you alone, of all the long, long line
Of those who've sung untaught, unknown, unnamed,
Have stretched out upward, seeking the divine.

You sang not deeds of heroes or of kings;
No chant of bloody war, nor exulting paean
Of arms-won triumphs; but your humble strings
You touched in chord with music empyrean.
You sang far better than you knew; the songs
That for your listeners' hungry hearts sufficed
Still live,—but more than this to you belongs;
You sang a race from wood and stone to Christ.

O Black and Unknown Bards
JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

He is Lord of all.

I wave
And I wave
My sacred turkey feather
My blue candle smoke
Waves upward and upward
To the face of the Saint
In the harvest booth

I give her my melons my
peaches my breadloaves
The blue smoke goes upward
And carries my prayer.

I weave
And I weave
My basket for corn grains
Here shall be standing
The sacred apostles
One was a bad one—
Put him down below
I weave the crown Jesus,
The highest of all.

A Woman of Acoma (American Indian)
Translated by M. F. C.

Precious in the sight of Jehovah is the death of his saints.

A martyred Saint, he lies upon his bier,
While, with one heart, the kneeling nation weeps,
Until across the world the knowledge sweeps
That every sad and sacrificial tear
Waters the seed to patriot mourners dear,
That flowers in love of Country. He who reaps
The gift of martyrdom, forever keeps
His soul in love of man, and God's own fear.
Great Prototype benign of Brotherhood—
Incarnate of the One who walked the shore

Of lonely lakes in distant Galilee;
With patient purpose undismayed he stood,
Steadfast and unafraid, and calmly bore
A Nation's Cross to a new Calvary!

Lincoln
CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding.

I know rich churches where good Christians kneel
  Bowed down at gilded shrine in cushioned prayer,
  While acolytes with incense fill the air
And deep-toned organs in the chantry peal!
The music seems to stir me and to steal
  Upon my senses in that setting rare—
  But somehow, I can never find Him there . . .
The Christ, the Presence, I can never feel!
But one cold evening, round a church's door,
  I saw a straggling line of thin-clad men
Whose faces that dread look of hunger wore;
  I saw them fed, set on their way again—
Hope dawned on faces that had known despair,
  And made me feel, yes, *know*, the Presence there!

The Presence
ROSELLE MERCIER MONTGOMERY

Remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and Lazarus in like manner evil things.

With old familiar sign,
The festival divine
Ruddies the snow-clogged way;
Butchers and toy-shops aflame,—
Because the Lord Christ came
To wash our sins away.

Without 'tis merry, snowing,
A-roaring and a-blowing;
Within the wine is flowing,
And men and maids are jolly,
With mistletoe and holly—
Because the Lord Christ gave
Himself our souls to save.

Yet, underneath the singing,
The fiddling and the flinging,
A thought I cannot still
Stalks like a guest unbidden,
Steals like a secret hidden,
Laying its fingers chill
Upon the heart of mirth
That laughs for Jesu's birth—
(Fie on such melancholy,
With mistletoe and holly!)

From an old book I read.
Somewhere within my head

The story lingers
Of a grim castle-hold,
In dreaming days of old,
And knights and singers,
And ladies clad in vair,
And a great feasting there,
Torches and swords in air:
Then, in some lull of mirth,
From far beneath the earth,
Came there a wailing—

The wind was it? wailing—
A voice of woe so vast
It held the feasters fast:
So might the lost in hell
Pierce, for a little spell,
The peace of Paradise
With uncouth cries. . . .

Once more the feasters laughed,
Cozened their feres and quaffed,—
'Twas but the knaves that lay,
Far from the light of day,
Beneath their dancing feet,
Rotting and raving,
Chained down with rats and slime,
Lost out of space and time—
(Souls not worth saving!)
So kept they Lord Christ's day,
In the time fled away.

What was my thought, though,
Hearken the whispering snow
Against the pace—
Lord Christ! the wind doth blow
A wild refrain;
Louder, O music, play,
Nimbler, O dancers, glide. . . .

Nay! music cease to play,
Dancers a space abide—
Hearken yon wailing!
The wind is it—wailing?
Nay 'tis the folk that lie
Out in the night there,
The men that starve and die
Far from the light there;
From oubliettes of pain,
From wheel and rack and chain,
Beneath your dancing feet,
Tripping so fleet, so sweet,
From folk that rave and rot,
Forsaken and forgot,
Comes the wild wind's refrain,
Comes all that wailing—
To-day as long ago,
Long as the wind shall blow,
Long as the snow shall snow. . . .

(But merry is the street,
And merry is the hall,
And a Merry Christmas, gentles all!)

A Merry Ballad of Christmas
RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

He reasoned in the market-place
every day with them that met him.

Out of the City streets, Christ, we have come to you,
Out of the sharp confusion, seeking your quietness;
Out of their blindness and pain, pleading your pity and peace—
Hurt by their harshness, asking your wounded hand to bless.
Here we may kneel to pray in humbleness of heart,
Who went so proudly borne in the market-place.
Here we may know ourselves, who went companioned there
By a thousand strangers, unknown to name or face.

The money-changers' seats have held us all the day,
We bargained, sold and bought among the heedless throngs.
O overturn the tables where we trafficked with our souls—
Arouse and cleanse us, Son of Man, with your scourging thongs!

Arouse and cleanse us, Son of Man, yet pity most of all,
And let your love fall on our hearts like healing mist of dew.
From the market-places of men, we have turned to the altar of God!
Out of the City streets, Christ, we have come to you.

The City Christ
AGNES KENDRICK GRAY

Christ Jesus, who abolished death,
and brought life and immortality to light.

Dost live? Then thou immortal art.
But what of those who conquer not?
Who drift with neither helm nor chart—

Superior not to self nor sense
Nor circumstance? Who even here
Know naught of life? Do they go hence?

Are they immortal either now
Or after death? Nay, God is good,
And in His wisdom doth allow

To towering oak, to tiniest flower,
A place within His circling care,
To bloom, to fade—a day, an hour.

But conquering souls who with Him bear
His life, His cross, His sepulchre—
Who from their scarred and dead self dare

To roll the mighty rock and rise—
These are with Him immortal, yea,
These here or there with conquering eyes

Have passed the grave—they have no part
With death—they live! And dost thou live?
Then thou, thou too, immortal art.

Immortality
GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON MCGIFFERT

Who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the power of fire—turned to flight armies of aliens.

An endless line of splendor,
These troops with heaven for home,
With creeds they go from Scotland,
With incense go from Rome.
These, in the name of Jesus,
Against the dark gods stand,
They gird the earth with valor,
They heed their King's command.

Onward the line advances,
Shaking the hills with power,

Slaying the hidden demons,
The lions that devour.
No bloodshed in the wrestling,—
But souls new-born arise—
The nations growing kinder,
The child-hearts growing wise.

What is the final ending?
The issue, can we know?
Will Christ outlive Mohammed?
Will Kali's altar go?
This is our faith tremendous—
Our wild hope, who shall scorn,—
That in the name of Jesus,
The world shall be reborn!

Foreign Missions in Battle Array

VACHEL LINDSAY

From *Collected Works*—The Macmillan Company

Fight the good fight of the faith.

When lands my ship of soul upon a shore
Whose light is luminous and spirit-made
And I shall count my longings o'er and o'er
And look with hope upon each passing shade,
There will be three
That I shall want to see—
Jesus the Christ whom I have learned to love
And Mary who held him and led him by the hand
And Jeanne d'Arc who wore a warrior's glove
And dared her martyred way to spirit-land.

Before I find
My own earth friends and kind,
These three I'll seek: the One who took man's part
And served His way to every broken heart
And Mary, Virgin Mother of Bethlehem:
Like the wise men I shall joyfully worship them.
And her I'll see,
The girl of Domremy,
Jeanne d'Arc, the second child that came,
Sister to Jesus but unknown to Jesus' fame,
Reborn in later centuries to love and fight—
These three I'll seek when ship of mine makes flight.

Mary and Jesus and Jeanne
BEN FIELD

I have great sorrow and increasing pain in my heart.

I have seen Mary at the cross
And Mary at the tomb
And Mary weeping as she spread her hair
In a leper's room.

But it was not in Bethany
Or groping up Calvary hill
I learned how women break their hearts to ease
Another's ill.

Compassionate and wise in pain,
  Most faithful in defeat,
The Holy Marys I have watched and loved
  Live on our street.

The Holy Women
WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

But Jesus went unto the Mount of Olives.

Oh, here the air is sweet and still,
  And soft's the grass to lie on;
And far away's the little hill
  They took for Christ to die on.

And there's a hill across the brook,
  And down the brook's another;
But, oh, the little hill they took,—
  I think I am its mother!

The moon that saw Gethsemane,
  I watch it rise and set;
It has so many things to see,
  They help it to forget.

But little hills that sit at home
  So many hundred years,
Remember Greece, remember Rome,
  Remember Mary's tears.

And far away in Palestine,
  Sadder than any other,
Grieves still the hill that I call mine,—
  I think I am its mother!

The Little Hill
EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

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